

AB. 4. 58 (45)

J9.

10. The Emperor of the Three Kingdoms of China  
and his wife and goddesses is referenced  
in this relief following as Precious Corpse





**S**tan Phebus the crabbe had  
near his cours ronne  
And toward þ Leon his Jour  
ney gan take  
To loke on Pyctagoz as spere  
I had begonne

**S**ytting all solytary allone besyde a lake.  
Mulyng on a maner how þ I myght make.  
Reasom and sensualyte in one to a corde.  
But I couden not bryng about þ manacorde.

**H**oþ longe er I myghe slepe me gan oppres  
So ponderously I coud make none obstatle  
In myne hede was fall suche an heuynesse.  
I was fayne to drawe to myne habytacle.  
To rowne w a pylow me semyd best tryacle.  
So leyde I ne downe my dylease to releue.  
Anone cam in Horpleus a loke me by þ sclue

**A**nd as I soo lay halfe in a traunse  
Twene slepyng & wakyng he bad me arysse.  
For he sayd I must yeue attendaunce.  
To the grete Courte of Mynes the Justyse.  
We noughe anayled ayene hym to sylogysse.  
For hit is oft sayd by hem that yet lyues.  
He must nedes go that the deuell dryues.

**W**ham I see noo better but I must go.  
I sayd I was redy at his comaunderment.  
Wheder that he wolde me lede to or fro.

¶ Soo vp I arose and forth with hym went.  
¶ Tyll he had me brought to the parlement.  
¶ Where Pluto late and kepte is estate.  
¶ And with hym Mynos the Juge desperate.

¶ But as we thyderwarde went by the way.  
¶ I hym besought his name me to tell.  
¶ Morpheus he sayde thou me call may.  
¶ Al syr sayde I than where do ye dwell.  
¶ In heuen or in erthe eyther elles in hell.  
¶ Nay he sayde myn abydyng most comonly  
¶ Is in a lytyll corner called fantasy.

¶ And as sone as he thyse wordes had sayd.  
¶ Cerberus the porter of hell w his cheyne.  
¶ Brought theder Colus i ragges euyll arayd  
¶ Agay whom Neptun & Dyana dyd copeyt  
¶ Saynge thus O Mynos þ Juge souerayn.  
¶ Gyue thy cruel iugement ayen this traytore so  
¶ Y we may haue cause to reyse thy lord Pluto

¶ Then was there made a proclamacyon.  
¶ In Plutos name comauinded scylence.  
¶ Upon the payn of straute correccyon.  
¶ If Dyana & Neptun might haue audience.  
¶ To declare her grefe of the grete offence.  
¶ To hem do by Colus wheron they complained.  
¶ And to begyn Dyana was constreyned.

¶ Whiche thus begyn as ye shall here.

Daynge in this wylle. O thou lorde Pluto.  
Wyth thy wylle mynnes sytting wth them fete  
Execute your fury vpon Colus so.  
Accordyng to thofence that he to me hath do  
That I haue no cause forther to appele.  
Whiche yf I do shall not be for yowre wele.

Remembre fyrt how I a goddesse pure.  
Duet all desettes/forestes and chaces.  
Haue the guydync and vnder my tute.  
This traytour colus hath mani of mi places  
Destroyd wth his blastes & daily me manaces  
Where ony wood is he shall make it playne.  
I he to his lyberte may resorte ageyne

The gretest trees that ony man may fynde  
In forest to shade the dere for her comforde.  
He breketh he asoder or rendith he tote & ride  
Out of the erthe this is his dysport.  
So that the deere shall haue noo resorte.  
Wythin shorte tyme to noo maner shade  
Where thorough the game is lykly to fade.

Whiche to my name a reproche synguler.  
Sholde be for euer whyle the wrolde laste.  
And to all the goddes an hygh dyspleyset.  
To see the game soo destroyed by his blaste.  
Wherfore a remedy putteyn haste.  
And lete hym be punysshed after his offence.  
Cousyder the cryme and yeue your sentenc.

¶ And whan Dyana had made her compleynt  
¶ To mynes the Juge in Plutooes presence.  
¶ Came forth Neptun wþ bysage pale & feynt  
¶ Desyryng of fauour to haue audience.  
¶ Saynge thus Pluto to thy magnyfycence.  
¶ I shall reberce what this creature.  
¶ Colus hath done me out of mesure.

¶ Thou knowest well that I haue the charge  
¶ Duer all the se and therof god I am.  
¶ No shyp may sayl keruel vþtene barge.  
¶ Grete karyk nor hulke wþ ony luyng man.  
¶ But he haue my sauconduyte than.  
¶ who me offendith wþthin my Turpdyccyon.  
¶ Dwyth to submyt him to my correccyon.

¶ But in asmoche as it is now sao.  
¶ That ye hym here haue as your paysonere  
¶ I shall shew my compleynt soo.  
¶ wherfore I pray you that ye wyll here.  
¶ And let hym not escape out of your daunger.  
¶ Tyl he haue made full sethe & recompence  
¶ For hurt of my name thrugh his grete offece.

¶ Hirst to begyn this Colus hath ofte.  
¶ Made me to retourne mi course agein nature.  
¶ Wþth his grete blastes whan he hath be alofte  
¶ And charged me to laboure fer out of mesure.  
¶ Bit was grete metucyl how I might endure.  
¶ The com of my swete wyll testyfye.

**G**That on the se bankes lye beten full hye.

**G**Secundly where my nature is.

**G**Both to eb & flowre and so thy course to kepe.

**G**Ofte of myne entent hath he made me myg

**G**where as I shulde haue syld dykes depe.

**G**At a full water I myght not theder crepe.

**G**Before my season came to returne ageyn.

**G**And than weni I taster than i wold certayn

**G**Thus he hath me dryuen ayeyn my entente

**G**And contrary to my course naturall.

**G**Where I shuld haue be he made me absente

**G**To my grete dyshonour & in especyall.

**G**Do thyng he vsed that wort was of all.

**G**For where I my sauegarde graunted

**G**Apyn that coste he comonly haunted

**G**Of very pure malyce and sylf wyll.

**G**Theym to destroy in dyspyte of me.

**G**To whome I promised both in gode & yll.

**G**For to be her protectour in all aduersyte.

**G**That to them shulde fall vpon the se.

**G**And even sodenly or they could beware

**G**Wyth a sodeyn pyct he lapped them in care.

**G**And full oft syth wyth hys boystous blaste.

**G**Or they myght bewat he drof he on y sond

**G**And other whyle he brake top larp & maste.

**G**Which caused thei to perissh or thei ca to lond

¶ Then cursed they the tyme þerfor that me ffor  
¶ Thus amouge the people lost is my name.  
¶ And so by his labour put I am to blame.

¶ Consyder this mater and ponder my case.  
¶ Consider my compleynt as tygure requyret  
¶ ¶ Shew forth poure sencence in a brefe clause  
¶ ¶ I may not longe tary the tyme fast erþyret  
¶ ¶ The offence is grete wherfore it desyret.  
¶ ¶ The more gretuous payn and hasty iugement  
¶ ¶ For offence doþwylfully wyl non auysement

¶ And whā þ god pluto a whyl had hi bethought  
¶ He rowned in mynos what was to do.  
¶ Then he sayde openly leke thou fayl nouȝt  
¶ Thy sentence to yeue wþthoute fauore soo.  
¶ ¶ Lyke as thou hast herde the causes the too.  
¶ And so euenerly dele twene these partyes twēi  
¶ That none of he haue case on þ other compleynt.

¶ Thenne sayd mynos full indyffertenly.  
¶ To Dpana & Neptunus is therre any more.  
¶ That ye wyl declare agayn hym openly.  
¶ Say in dede they sayd we kepe none in shore.  
¶ We haue sayd I nouȝt to punysh the hym for.  
¶ If ye in this mater be not partyall.  
¶ Remembre your name was wronȝ to be egall.  
¶ ¶ Well then sayd mynos now let vs see.  
¶ What this boþsous Colas for hymself cap say.

¶ For here þrime facie to vs doth appere.  
¶ That he hath offendid no man can say naye  
¶ wherfore thou Colus wþthoute more delaye  
¶ Shape vs an answere to thyne accusemente  
¶ And elles I must procede vpon thy iugement

¶ And euēn as col<sup>2</sup> was onward to haue said  
¶ for his excuse came in a messengere.  
¶ fro god Appolo to Pluto and hym prayde.  
¶ On his behalfe that he wþthoute daungere  
¶ wolde to hym come Eþryge wþth hym in fere  
¶ Dyana and Neptunus vnto his banket  
¶ And yf they dysdeyned hymself he wold he fet.

¶ Moreouer he sayde to god Appolo  
¶ Desyred to haue respyte of the iugement  
¶ Of Colus bothe of Mynos and Pluto  
¶ So Dyana a Neptun<sup>2</sup> were therwith cōtēt  
¶ And yf they were dysposed to assente  
¶ That he myght come vnto his presente  
¶ He it desyred to knowe his offence.

¶ What say ye herto sayd Pluto to hem tweyn  
¶ Wyll ye both assente that it shal be thus  
¶ Iye sayd the goddesse for my parte certeyne  
¶ And I also sayd this Neptunus  
¶ I am well plesid quod this Colus  
¶ And whan they had a whyle th<sup>2</sup> togyd spoke  
¶ Pluto commaundered the court to be broke

¶ And than togeder went they in fere.  
¶ Pluto and Neptunus ledynge the goddesse  
whome followed Cerberus wth his prysone.  
¶ And alderlast wþt grete heuynesse.  
¶ Came I and Morpheus to the forteresse.  
¶ Of the god appolo vnto his bantet.  
¶ Where many goddes and goddesse met.

¶ Whan Appolo se that they were come.  
¶ He was ryght glad & prayed theym to lyst.  
¶ May sayd Dyana this is all and some.  
¶ Ye shall ne pardone I shall not lyst yet.  
¶ I shall fynde know whyp Colus abyde.  
¶ And what execucion shall on hym be doo  
¶ For his offence well sayd Appollo.

¶ Madame ye shall haue all your plesere.  
¶ Syth that it wyl none otherwyse be.  
¶ But fynde I pray you let me þ mater here  
whyp he is brought in this perplexyte.  
¶ well sayd Pluto that shall ye sone se.  
¶ And gan to declare euyn by and by.  
¶ Bothe theyr complayntes ordynatly.

¶ And whan Appolo had herd the reporte  
¶ Of Pluto wþ a maner smylyng he sayd.  
¶ I le well Colus thou hast small conforde.  
¶ Thy selfe to excuse thou mayst be dysmayde.  
¶ For to here so grete copleyntes ayen the layd.  
¶ And notwithstanding if thou can say ought.

¶ For thyne deth wele say and tary nouȝt

¶ Fota

¶ Horsoth sayd Colus yf I had respync.  
¶ Hereto answere cowd I counterfete.  
¶ But to haue her grace more is my delyte.  
¶ wherfore I pray you all for me entrete.  
¶ That I may by your request her gode grace gete  
¶ And what payn or greef ye for me prouyde.  
¶ Wythout ony grutchyng I shall it abyde.

¶ O good dame sayd god Appollo.  
¶ what may he do more but sew to your grace.  
¶ Beholde how the texes from his even goo.  
¶ It is satysfaction half for his trespace.  
¶ Now gloxyo goddes shew your petio face  
¶ To this pore prysoner at my request.  
¶ All we for youre honour thynke thus is best.

¶ And yf it lyke you to do in thys wyse.  
¶ And so to foryeue hym clerely his offence.  
¶ One thyng surely I wyll you promyse.  
¶ If he ought rebell and make resystence  
¶ Oȝ dysobey vnto your sencence.  
¶ For euery tree that he maketh fall.  
¶ Out of the erthe an Crysle shall.

¶ Soo that youre ganie shall not dyscrease  
¶ For lacke of shade i dare vndertake  
¶ Well syr Appolo sayd she than wyll I cease  
¶ Off all my rancour and metcy wþ you make.

¶ And than god faptunis of his maner spak  
¶ Sayng th' appolo though dyana hym celeste  
¶ yet shall he sue to me to haue his pease.

¶ A layd Appolo ye wende I had forgete.  
¶ You for my lady Dyana the godde esse.  
¶ May thynde not so for I wyll you entrete.  
¶ As well as her wythoute longe processe.  
¶ Wyll ye agre that Phebus your maystresse.  
¶ May haue the guydync of your baryaunce.  
¶ I shall abyde quod he her ordynance.

¶ Wel than quod appolo I pray you goddes all  
¶ And goddeses that ben here presente.  
¶ That ye companable wyll a borde falle.  
¶ May than layd Othea it is not conueniente.  
¶ Adevo ordre in euery place is expedyente.  
¶ To be hadde wherfore ye may not lette.  
¶ To be your own marshal at your own bāket

¶ And whan appolo se it wold be none other be  
¶ He called to hym Aurora the goddesse.  
¶ And sayd though ye wepe ye shall before me.  
¶ Ay kepe your course and put yourself in pisse  
¶ Soo he her set fyste at his owne messe.  
¶ Wyth her moyst clothes w̄teres all be spreyt  
¶ The medewes in may shew therof her cōpleit

¶ Next her sat Mars myghty god and strong  
¶ Wyth a flamme of fyre enuyroned all aboēut

¶ A crowyn of yron on his hede a spere i his hōd  
¶ It semed by his chē as he wold haue fought.  
¶ And next vnto hym as I perceyue mought.  
¶ Sath goddesse Dyana in a mantell fyne.  
¶ Of black sylke purfyled w̄ poudred crmine

¶ Lyke as he had take h̄ mantell & the ryngē  
¶ And next vnto her arayed roally.  
¶ Sat the god Juppter in his demenyngē.  
¶ Full sad and wylle he semed sykerly.  
¶ A crowne of tynne stood on his hede.  
¶ And that I recordē of all phylosophers.  
¶ H̄ lytyll stōe of Coyne kepe in her cofres.

¶ Turned to h̄ in sytting next there was  
¶ The goddesse Juno full rychely besene.  
¶ In a sercote h̄ shone as bryght as glas  
¶ Of goldsmyth werk w̄ spāgles w̄rought beden  
¶ Of royall ryches wanted she none I wene.  
¶ And next to her sat the god saturne.  
¶ That oft lyth causeth many one to moane.

¶ But he was clad me thought straungely  
¶ For of froste & snowe was all his aray.  
¶ In his honde he helde a fawchon all blody  
¶ It semed by his chere as he wold make a frāt  
¶ A baudryck of Isykles about his neckegaye  
¶ He had and aboue on hygh on his hede.  
¶ Couched w̄ hayl stōes he wered a croū of icde.

¶ And nepte by ordre was set by his syde.  
¶ Ceres the goddesse in a garmente.  
¶ Of sacke cloth made wth sleues large & wyde  
¶ Embrowdered wth sheues and sycles bent  
¶ Of all maner greynes she sealed þ patente.  
¶ In tokeny she was goddes of corne.  
¶ Olde poetes saye she beryth the heruest horn

¶ Then was there set the god cupydo.  
¶ All frellshe & galaunte and costly in a cap.  
¶ Wyth ouches and rynges he was beset so.  
¶ þ paleys therof shon as though it had be day  
¶ A kerchysf of plesauis stood ouer his helm ay  
¶ The goddesse Ceres he loked in the face.  
¶ And wyth one arm he her dyde embrace.

¶ Next to Cupido in ordre by and by  
¶ Of wordly wyldyn sat the forteresse.  
¶ Calld Otheachyf grounde of polcy.  
¶ Reuler of knyghthode of prudence þ goddes  
¶ Clad all in purpuce was she more & lesse.  
¶ Saaf on her heede a crowne there stode.  
¶ Couched wyth petles or yent fyne & good.

¶ And nexte to her was god Pluton set  
¶ Wyth a derke myste enuyond al about.  
¶ His clothyn was made of a smoky net.  
¶ His colour was bothe wthyn & wylshoute.  
¶ Soule derke & dyne his eyen grete & stout.  
¶ Of fyre & fulfure all his odoure wase.

¶ That wo was me whyle I beheld his face

¶ Fortune the goddesse wþ her vertþ face.

¶ Was unto Pluto next in order sette.

¶ Marvaynt she was ay in shorte space.

¶ Her whele was redy to turne wythout let.

¶ Her gowne was of gawdy grene clamelet

¶ Chaungeable of sondry dyuerse colours.

¶ To þ condycyons accordyng to her shoures

¶ And by her sat though he vnworthy were.

¶ The rewde god Pan of shepherdes þ gyde

¶ Clad in russet frese & breched lyke a bete.

¶ Wyth a grete terbor hangyng by his syde.

¶ A shepcrok in his hōd he spared for no pryde.

¶ And by his fete lay a prekered curre.

¶ He rateled in þ thrute as he had þ murre.

¶ Ilys the goddes bare hym company.

¶ For at the table next she sat by his syde.

¶ In a close kyþ ell embrowdered curyously

¶ W braunches and leues brood large & wyde.

¶ Grene as any grasse in þ somer tyde.

¶ Of all maner frute she had the gouernaunce

¶ Of fauours odysferous was her sustynaunce

¶ Next to her than was god Neptunus set.

¶ He sauoured lyke a fyssher of þy is pak before

¶ It semed by his clothes as they had be wet.

¶ About þy i his gyrdel sted hig fysshes niam a xx

score

¶ Of his straunge array meteuyled Rose.  
¶ A shyp wþt a top and sayle was hys creste.  
¶ We thought he was gayly dysguyled at þe fest

¶ H̄an toke mynreue the goddes her sete.  
¶ Toyntly to Neptunus all in curas cladde.  
¶ Gauntelettis on hodes & sabatous on her fete  
¶ She loked about as though she had be inad.  
¶ A þamer and a sythe on her heede she hadde  
¶ She wered two bokelers one by her syde.  
¶ That other ye wote were this was al her prid

¶ H̄ā cam þ god bach & by her set h̄y down  
¶ Holdynge in his honde a cuppe full of wyne.  
¶ Of grene wyne leues he wered a Joly crowne  
¶ He was clad in clustres of grapes gode & fine  
¶ A garlonde of yuy he chose for his sygne.  
¶ On his heede he had a thredbare kedall hode.  
¶ A gymlot and a faulset therupon stode.

¶ Nert hym sat phebus wþt her colour pale.  
¶ That she was of face but of complexion feynre.  
She sayd shewled Neptun & made h̄y bayl  
¶ And ones in þ monthe wþ pheb was she meit  
¶ Also ne were she Ceres were ateynte  
¶ Thus she sat & tolde the myght of her nature  
¶ & on her heede she wered a crown of siluer pure

¶ Toyntly to her Marcurius toke his see.  
¶ As came to his cours wþtnesse the zodyake.

¶ He had a gylden tonge as syll for his degree  
¶ In eloquence of langage he passed al þ pake  
¶ For in his talkyng noman coude fynde lake  
¶ A box wþt quicke spluer he had in his honde/  
¶ Multypluers know it wel in euery londe

¶ By hym sat dame Uen<sup>9</sup> wþ colour crystalline  
¶ Whos long here shone as wpre of gold bryȝt  
¶ Cryspe was her skyn her eyen columbyne  
¶ Rauysshed myne herte her cheke was so lyȝt  
¶ Patrones of plesaunce be named wel she myȝt  
¶ A smocke was her wede garnysshed curvallis  
¶ But all other she had a wanton eye

¶ On her hede she wered a red coper crowne  
¶ A nosegay she had made ful plesauntly  
¶ Bytwene her & aurora Apollo set hym doun  
¶ Wyth his beames bryght he shone so feruently  
¶ That he ther wþt gladyd al þ company  
¶ A crown of pure gold was on his hede set  
¶ In syne þ he was mayster & lorde of þ banket

¶ Fota

¶ Thus was the table set round a boute  
¶ Wyth goddes & goddesse as i haue you told  
¶ Awaytyng on the bord was a grete route  
¶ Of sage phylosophers & poetes many fold  
¶ There was sad Sychero & Aystotle olde  
¶ Tholome Dorothe wþt Dyogenes  
¶ Plato Myllchala and wyle Socrates

¶ Gortes a Naphe<sup>2</sup> w<sup>th</sup> hermes stode behynd  
¶ Aupcen a Auetops w<sup>th</sup> hem were in fere  
¶ Galyen a ypocras that phyls<sup>2</sup> haue in mynd  
¶ w<sup>th</sup> help of Esculappo toward he drowner  
¶ Wyggle Grace Ouyd and Omere  
¶ Euclyde and albert yauue her attendaunce  
¶ To do the goddes & goddesses plesaunce

¶ Boreberded Orphe<sup>2</sup> was there w<sup>th</sup> his harpe.  
¶ And as a poyt musycal made he melody  
¶ Other mistral had thci non saf Pan gā to carpe  
¶ Of his leud bagppp which caused þ compans  
¶ To law yet many mo ther we yf i shuld notly  
¶ Soni yong som old both better and worse  
¶ But mo of theyr names can I not reherce

¶ Of al maner deyntes there was habūdāsice  
¶ Of metes a drynkes soyson plenteuous  
¶ In cam Dyscord to haue baryaunce  
¶ But there was no roum to set her i that hous  
¶ The goddis remembred the scysme odious  
¶ Among the thre goddesses þ he had wrought  
¶ At the fest of Peleus wherfore they thought

¶ They wold not w<sup>th</sup> her delc in a venture  
¶ Lest she hem brought to som inconuenyente  
¶ She scyng this was wroth out of melure  
¶ And in that grete wrath out of þ paleple wet  
¶ Safg to herself that ther shuld theri repent  
¶ And anone w<sup>th</sup> Atropes happed he to mete.

¶ As he had ben a god came in a wþdþg shete

¶ She toke hym by þ hond & crowned in his cre  
¶ And told hym of the banquet þ was so delycate.  
How he was receyued & what chere he had þre  
¶ And how every god sat in his astate  
¶ Is it thus qd attropos what in þ deuyls date  
¶ weil he sayd ¶ Se well how the game goch  
¶ Ones yet for your sake shal ¶ make he wroth

¶ And whan she had hym al togyder told  
From her he departed & of her toke his leue,  
¶ Sayng þ for her sake his way take he wolde  
¶ In to the paleys his maters to meue  
¶ And or he thens went he crowed he to greue.  
¶ Wyth such tydyinges as he wold hem tel  
¶ So forth he went & spake wordes fell

¶ Whan he came in the þsence of þ goddis vle  
¶ As he had ben mad he loked hym a bout  
¶ His shete from his body downe he let fall  
¶ And on a reud maner he saluted al the route  
¶ Wyth a bold wops spekyng wordes stout  
¶ But he spake all hollow as it had ben one  
¶ Had spoke in a nother wold þ had wo begon

¶ He wode forth boldly wþ grym countenaunce  
¶ Sayng on this wyle as ye shal here  
¶ All ye goddes yeue attendaunce  
¶ Unto my wordes wout all daungere

¶ Remembre how ye made me your dispense  
¶ All tho wyth my darte synally to chalysse  
¶ That þþyslobed þe wylde your law dyspase

¶ And for the more surete sealed my patent  
¶ Gþyng me full power so to occup  
¶ Wherto I haue employed myn entent  
¶ And that can dame Nature testify  
¶ If she be examyned she wþll not it deuise  
¶ For whan she forþaþyth ony creature  
¶ I am al redy to take hym to my cure

¶ Thus haue I deuly wyth al my diligence.  
¶ Executed the offyce of olde antiquyte  
¶ To me by you graunted by your comyn scete  
¶ For I spared none hþgh nor low degré  
¶ So that on my partie no faute hath be  
¶ For as sone as ony to me comynytte was  
¶ I smote hym to þe hert he had none other grace

¶ Actor of Troy for al his cheualtry  
¶ Alexander the grete & myghty conquerour  
¶ Julius Cezar wþ al his compayne  
¶ Dauid nor Iosue nor worthy Artur  
¶ Charlis the noble that was so gret of honour  
¶ Pfor Judas Machabee for al his trew herte  
¶ Pfor Godfrey of Boleyn coud me not asterte

¶ Nabugodonosor for al his grete pþpde  
¶ Pfor the kyng of Egypt cruel Pharaon

¶ Falson ne Hercules went they never so wypde.  
¶ Coloras hanibal nor gentill Syppo.  
¶ Cyrus Achilles nor many a nother mo  
¶ for sayn no, foule gat of me no gracie  
¶ But al be at þ last I sealed hem w my mace.

¶ Thus haue I brought euery creature  
¶ To an ende bothman ysshe foule and best  
And euery other thyng in whome dame nature  
¶ hath ony Jurysdycyon eyther most or lest  
¶ Except only one in whome your be hest  
¶ Is to me broke for ye me promyzed  
That my myght of non shold haue be dysappyzed

¶ Wherof the aquntry daoe I well a wow  
¶ Is trew for one there is that wyl not apply  
Unto my correction nor in no wyse bow  
¶ To the dynt of my darte for dole nor deseny.  
¶ What conforthe hath nor the cause why  
¶ That he so rebellyth I can yot thynk of ryght  
But þt ye hym graunted your alders safcoudyght.

¶ And yf he so haue than do ye not as goddis.  
¶ for a goddis wrytyng may not reuersed be.  
¶ þt shold I wold not gyue you u pese goddis  
¶ for graunt of your patent of offycenere ofice.  
¶ wherfore in this mater do me equyte  
¶ Accordyng to my patent for tyl this be do  
¶ Ye haue nomore my seruise nor my gode w

¶ And whay all the goldeis bid attropos bese  
¶ As they had beyn made by and by attones  
¶ It sayd they wold not tell wher were comyd  
¶ Taken and destroyed body blode and bones  
¶ And that they sware gret othes for nonis  
¶ Her law to dybysce that was so malapert  
¶ They sayd he shuld be taught so to be so pert

¶ Wel sayd Appollo yf he on eth be  
¶ Wyth my brennyng chare I shall by cofound  
¶ In seyth quod neptunus & he kepe these  
¶ He may be well surce he shal be drawnd  
¶ Al syg sayd Mars ths have we wel fownd  
¶ That ony dysfahyed oure goodly precept  
¶ We may well thynk we haue to long leapt

¶ But neuertheles wher I may hym fynd  
¶ Wyth thys al yghtning about I shall by chase  
¶ And I quod Datounes before and behynd  
¶ Wyth my bytte cold shall Alwyn by þar de grace  
¶ Well sayd Maccurus yf I may le hys face  
¶ For ever of his spech I shal by þyn deþurh  
¶ So thatþyn weþe better beþe than alþue

¶ Be quod Other þer may he well be  
¶ In the eyz wher he wylle ay you no leue  
¶ Wherfore my counsyl is that all we  
¶ May entere Sleiton? his tabour forþme  
¶ And than I douit not Comus wylþ my schewes  
¶ So may reþe surce he soal you not escape

¶ The ells of yon anger he wyl make but a lape.

¶ But for to tel you how Colus was brought.

¶ In daungere of Pluto yet had I forgot

¶ wherfore on this mater forther wyl I nowt.

¶ Procede tyl I therof haue knowlege you let

¶ It besell on a day the weder was wete

¶ And Colus thought he wold on his dysport.

¶ Goo to reoyse his spyytis and conforte

¶ He thought he wold so what was in þ ground

¶ And in a krauers foþt he gan hym dresse

¶ A drough had the erthe late before found.

¶ That caused it to chyne a krauy more a leste

¶ So benvy wete constreynd by dutesse

¶ Was the ground to close his suppycull face.

¶ So streyt that to scape col? had noo space

¶ This seyng Colus he shyll wythin abode.

¶ Sekeyng wher he myȝt haue gene fet or nre.

¶ Awone he was espyed and one to Pluto rode

¶ And told hym how Colus was in his daungere.

¶ Then said he to Cerber? set me þy prisonete.

¶ Tyl I haue hym sene let hym not go at large.

¶ As þy wylt answere of hem I peue the charge

¶ Thus was this Colus take pryonete

¶ Then happed it so that thys lawe day

¶ Pluto had presyped for a grete mater

¶ Myngis to lyt in his robe of Bay

¶ Wherfore Cerberus toke the next way  
¶ And led hym to the place where the court shalbe  
¶ Where I told you Moplius brought me

¶ So thyder came Dyana carayd in carre  
¶ To make her compleynt as I told you all  
¶ And so dyd Neptunus hym doth make and marke  
¶ Walewyng wth his wawys & tobyng as a ball  
¶ Het matters they meued fal what may befall  
¶ There was the fyfth syght hym euer I them saw  
¶ And yf I never do eft I care not a straw

¶ But now to my matter retourne agayn  
¶ And tu begyn new wher I left.  
¶ Whan al the goddis had done her besparyne.  
¶ The way to contynue howit shuld be reft  
¶ Of his lypf Atropos had no cause reft.  
¶ To copleyn than Phebus stett upon her fete  
¶ And sayd I pray you let me speke a word yet

¶ Othea menyth wel to say on this wylle  
¶ But al to entret Neptunus I hope shal notnedie  
¶ Me senyth I alone durst take hym espise  
¶ Er I am begyled on ellie I shal spedie  
¶ How say ye Neptunus shal I do this dede  
¶ Wyl ye your rancour seale at my request  
¶ Madame quod he reule me as ye lypsyth best

¶ Orenierry sayd she of your good wylle  
¶ That it plesyth you to shew methat famorus

¶ Therefore the goddyns hygh pleynt to fulfyll  
¶ Performe my desyre & leue al olde rancoure  
¶ For our elders wele & sauyng of oure honour  
¶ Agayn this colus that ye long haue had  
¶ It is done quod he forsooth than am I gladd

¶ Sayd he now than Colus be þ to vs trewe  
¶ Keps well the eyz and oure grete rebell  
¶ May we than sone euer to vs subdew  
¶ Yes and that quod Colus shall here tell  
¶ Nowhere in the eyz shall he rest nor dwele  
¶ If he do therof put me in the faute  
¶ Wyth my bytter blastes so shal I þy asaut

¶ What sayd the god Pluto what is his name  
¶ That thus presumyth agayn vs to rebell  
¶ Wertu quod atropes þ haue he myþyl shame  
¶ He is never confounded thus of hþ here I tell  
¶ Sayd this pluto in dede I know hþ wel  
¶ No hath ben euer myn bittter ennemye  
¶ Wherfore this mater agayn hþ take wyll I

¶ For all the baytes þ we for hym haue layde  
¶ Wythout my helpe be not worth a pere  
¶ For though ye all the contrary had sayd  
¶ Yet wold he brede right nigh your alþris etc  
¶ No maner of thyngē can hym hucc or dere  
¶ Haue only a sone of my bastard  
¶ Whos name is vice he keþþ my bawad.

¶ Wherfore you Cerber? now I the charge  
¶ Of Colus & wyl that thou hedder set  
¶ My dere sone Wyce & say that I h̄̄ charge,  
¶ That he to me come wythou: ony let  
¶ Armed at all poynts for a day is set  
¶ That he w̄ Wertu for al h̄̄ goddis sake  
¶ In our defencē must on hym batayl take.

¶orth they went Cerberus w̄ his fyry cheir  
¶ Brought thyd vyce as he comānded was  
¶ Agayn noble Wertu h̄̄ batayl to derygne  
¶ On a glyd̄g serpent ryd̄gē a grete pace  
¶ Formed lyke a dragon scaled hard as glas  
¶ Whooes mouth flammed fyre wout fayll  
¶ Wyring had it serpentynē & a long tayll

¶ Armed was vyce all in cure boyll  
¶ Harde as horne blacker fer than sute  
¶ An vngoodly sort folowed hym perde  
¶ Of vnhappy capteyns of myschyfe crop & rot  
¶ Pryde was the fyrist h̄̄ next h̄̄ rode god mote  
¶ On a coryng Lyon next whom came Enye  
¶ Syp̄ting on Wolfe he had a scornful eye

¶ Wrath bestrode a wyld boore & next h̄̄ gā ride.  
¶ In his hond he bare a blodp̄ swerd  
¶ Fiert whom cam couetise h̄̄goth so fer & wide  
¶ Ryd̄g on a Dylfaunt as he had ben a ferd  
¶ After whom rode Gloteny wyth his fat herd  
¶ Syp̄ting on a bere wyth his grete bely.

¶ And next hym on a gote followed Lecherie

¶ Sloth was so sleepy he came all behynd  
¶ On a dull asse a full wety pase  
¶ Thysle were þ capteyns that byce could synde  
¶ Best to set his feld & folow on the chase  
¶ As for pety capteyns many mo there was  
¶ As sacrylege symonye & dyslymulacion  
¶ Manslaughter mordre theft & extorcyon

¶ Arrogance Presupcyon wþt contumact  
¶ Contēpcyon Contempt & Inobedience  
¶ Malyle frowardnes grete Jealousy  
¶ Wodnes hate Stryf and Impacrence  
¶ Unkyndnes Opplyson wþ wofull negligēce  
¶ Murmur Myschef Falshod & Detraccyon  
¶ Usury Periury Ly and adulacyon

¶ Wrōng Rauyne Sturdy bvolence  
¶ Fals Jugement wþ Obstynacyon  
¶ Dysceyt Dronknes & Improuydence.  
¶ Boldnes in yll wþ soule and Rybaudy.  
¶ Fornycacyon Incest and Auoutry  
¶ Unshamfastnes wþ Prodigalyte  
¶ Blasfemie baynglozy & worldly vanyte

¶ Ignorance Dyffydence wþ Ipocrysye  
¶ Scysme Rancour Debate and Offense  
¶ Heretly Etour wþ Idolatry.  
¶ New fanglynes and setyll false Pretence

¶ Jordynat desye of moridly excellencie  
¶ Fayned pouerte wþt apostasy  
¶ Dysclaundet scorn & unkynd felowys

¶ Hooddom bawdry false mayntenaunce  
¶ Treyson abusyon and pety brybry  
¶ Wulpacyon wþ horribble bengauunce  
¶ Came alder last of that company  
¶ All thysse pety capetayns folowed by and by.  
¶ Shewyng theymself in the paleysse wþde  
¶ And say thys were redy that batayl to abyde

¶ Doynes setþe comyns in a ray  
¶ Without the palayse on a fayre felde  
¶ But there was an oþer foþ to make a fray  
¶ I trouþe a noþer never man beheld  
¶ Many was the weþyn among heþeþ they wuld  
¶ What they were þe canie to that dysport  
¶ I shal you declare of many a sondry sort

¶ There were bosters crakers & brybours  
¶ Braters sasets sice chers and vorþyters  
¶ Shamefull charters soleyn slame dourys  
¶ Oppressours of people and impudycy crakers  
¶ Mayntenours of quarels horribble lyers  
¶ Theues traptores wþ false heretykes  
¶ Charmers sorcerers & many scysmatykes.

¶ Drayng symonyakes wþt false blunders  
¶ Multyplieters coþy wasshers & clyppers

¶ Young blarwers wþt grete exhorters  
¶ Babblers Glosters and fayre flatetors.  
¶ Malicious mutiners with grete claterers  
¶ Cregetours Crafclers fyners of tales.  
¶ Lassious lurdens and pykers of malys.

¶ Bouners Wagabundes forgers & lesingis.  
¶ Robbers Reuers Rauenous Ryfeleris.  
¶ Choppers of Chyrches fynders of tydynges  
¶ Meeters of marters and monymakerys.  
¶ Scalkers by ryght wþt Cupidropers.  
¶ Frighters Strawlers Wrekers of louedayes  
¶ Gentrys Chyderis Causers of straies.

¶ Tytuphing Tyrantis wþ Courmentours.  
¶ Corrod apostatis Helygious dysymuleris:  
¶ Closshers Carders wþt comon basydours.  
¶ Tyburne colops and Purlytters.  
¶ Pylarp knyghtys double tollyng Myllers.  
¶ Gay Holp capters wþ hosteleris of the shewes.  
¶ Hores and Hawdes that manþ bale bre wes

¶ Bold blasphemers wþt false Iþocrytes.  
¶ Brothelers Brokers abhominable blerers.  
¶ Draypills Dallardes dyspyters of ryghtis  
¶ Homyndes Popleneris a comon modderis  
¶ Scoldis Caytues Comberous clappers.  
¶ Idolatries Enchambris wþ false regenates.  
¶ Notry ambydeccrys and schekes of debatis.

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¶ Pseudo prophetes false redemptes.  
¶ Quessmers of chyldren wþt fornicatours.  
¶ wetewoldes that suffre syn in ther syghtis.  
¶ Iuoutræs and abhominable auauantours.  
¶ Of syn grete clappers a makers of clamours  
¶ Unthryfes & vnlustes came al to that game  
¶ In lusts & loselis þ might not thryue for shame

¶ These were the comons þ came thid þ day.  
¶ Redy bowne in batayl Wertu to abyde.  
¶ Apollo theyn þ beholding began to say.  
¶ To the goddyns & goddesses beyng ther þ tis  
¶ Me semyth conuenyent an herowd to cyde  
¶ To Wertu & byd þþ to batayl make þþ bowne  
¶ Hysel to defend forsooth it shal be done.

¶ And let hym not be sodeynly take.  
¶ All dysputned or that he beware.  
¶ For shay shold our dyshonour awake.  
¶ If he were cowardly take in a snare.  
¶ Et quod Wyce for that haue I no care.  
¶ I wyl auantage take wher I may.  
¶ That heryng Morpheus fuly stale a day.

¶ And went to warne Wertu of al this afay.  
¶ And bad þþ awake and make hymself strong.  
¶ For he was lyke to endure that daye.  
¶ A grete mortall shoure er it were euensonge.  
¶ In Wyce wherfore he bad hym not longe.  
¶ Tary to send after more socourc.

¶ If he dyde it shold torne hym to dolour.

¶ And brefely the matei to he declaied.

¶ Lyke as ye haue herd begynnyng and ende.

¶ Well quod Wertu he shal not be spared

¶ To the feld I wyl go howit wende.

¶ But gramercy Morpley myn own dere frēde

¶ Of your crew herte raythfull entente.

¶ That ye in this mat to meward haue ment.

¶ This done Morpleus departed awaie.

¶ Fro Wertu to the palapse reto; myg agayn.

¶ None hym aspyed that I dace well lay.

¶ In whych tyme Wertu dyde his bely payn

¶ People to reple his quarell to maynteyn.

¶ Pmagynacyon was his messengete.

¶ He went to warne people both her a here.

¶ And bad hem come in all hast they myght

¶ For to strength Wertu for wþt out fayll.

¶ He sayd he shold haue long or it were myght.

¶ Wþt Wyce to do a myghty strong batayl.

¶ Of vngracys gestes he bryngyth a gret fayll

¶ Wherfore it behouyth to help at this nede.

¶ And after this shal Wertu rewar yo' meide

¶ Whan pmagynacyon had gone his cyrcuite

¶ To Wertu a frendis thus all about.

¶ Wþt in short tyme many men of myght

¶ Gadered to Wertu in all that they myght.

¶ They hym comforted & bade hym put no doute.  
¶ His bitter ennyng Wyce to ouerthrowe.  
¶ Thoughte hym hym brought never so gret axone

¶ And whan Wertu sethe substance of his oon  
¶ He prayed all the comons to the feld hem hym  
¶ Wyth her pety capteyns both leſt and moſte  
¶ And wyth his capteyns shold folow redely.  
¶ For he sayd he knew well þy Wyce was ful nye.  
¶ And who myght fyft of þy feld recouer þy cōtre  
¶ Wold kepe out þy other he shuld not esely ētre

¶ Then ſent he forth Baptym to þy feld before  
¶ And prayed hym haſtelp it to ouerſe.  
¶ That nomaner trayn nor cotrop therin woe  
¶ To noþ nor hutt hym nor his meyne.  
¶ And whan he thider came he began to ſe.  
¶ How Wyce his putſcuannit cryme orygynall.  
¶ Was entred before and had ſealed by all.

¶ But as ſone as he roſe Baptym had a ſyght.  
¶ He fled fast away and left the feld alone.  
¶ And anone Baptym entred wyth his myght.  
¶ Setchyng al about where this crym had goff.  
¶ But the feld was cleue defaut ſould he none.  
¶ Then came Wertu after with his gret oſte.  
¶ And his myghty capteyns both leſt and moſte

¶ But to enfourme you how he thider came.  
¶ And what maner capteins he to þy feld brought.

Hymselfe soberly was the fyrt man.  
Of all his grete host h thyderwardē sought.  
Sytting in a chare h rychely was wrought.  
Wyth golde and peerles algemmes precyous.  
Crowned with laurer as lord vycorous.

Houre doubty knyghtes about h chare went.  
At euery corner one hit for to gyde.  
And conuey accordyng to. Vertue his entent.  
At the fyrt corner was Ryghtwysnesse h tyde.  
Prudence at the seconde was set to abyde.  
At h thryd Strength h fourth kept temperaunce.  
These h chare gyded to. Vertue his pleasaunce.

Next to h chare seuen capteyns there roode.  
Echone aftre other in ordre by and by.  
Humlyte was h fyrt a lambe he besstroode.  
With contenaunce demure he rood full soberly.  
A fawcon gentyll stood on his helme on h.  
And next after hym came there. Charyte.  
Rydyng on a tygte as fyll to his degré.

Roody as a roose ay he kept his chere.  
On his helme on hyghe a pellycan he bare.  
Next whom cam pacyce h nowhere hath no pere  
On a camell rydyng as boyde of all care.  
A senix on his helme stood so forth gan he fare.  
Who next hym followed but lyberalite.  
Syteng on a dromedary h was both good & fre.

¶ On his helm for his crest he bare on ospray.  
¶ And next after hym folowed abstynence.  
¶ Rydying on an hete was trapure and gay.  
¶ He semed a lord of ryght grete excellencie.  
¶ A popyniay was his crest he was of gret dyffice.  
¶ Next hym folowed chastyte on an unicorne.  
¶ Armed at all poyntes behynde & beforene.

¶ A tortyldone he bare on hysghe for his crest.  
¶ Than came good besynesse last of y seven.  
¶ Rydying on a panter a sondry coloured best.  
¶ Gloryously beseen as he had come from heuen.  
¶ A crane on his heede stood his crest for to stanch.  
¶ All these. vii. capteyned had standaris of pycce.  
¶ Eche of hem accordyng after his dispayse.

¶ Many pety capteyns after these went.  
¶ As trew feyth & hope mercy peale & pyte.  
¶ Ryght trouth mekenesse wth concordentie.  
¶ Goodnes concord & partyte bryte.  
¶ Hoeest trewe loue with sympolycyte.  
¶ Prayer fastyng preuy almytysde.  
¶ Joyned wth þ artycles of the crede.

¶ Confessyon contrycyon & satysfaccyon.  
¶ Wth sorrow for sygne & grete repentance.  
¶ Forreuenesse of trespass wth good dispacyon.  
¶ Resystance of wrong performing of penance.  
¶ Holy deuocyon wþh good contynance  
¶ Preþeþde hem folowed with the sacrametis

¶ And sadnesse alse wyth the commadementes

¶ Suffraunce in trouble wyth Innocensy  
¶ Cleenes contynence and virgynyte  
¶ Ryndnes reuerence to curtesy  
¶ Content & pleased wyth pyteous pouerte  
¶ Entendyng wel mynstryng euypte  
¶ Twene ryght & wrong hole indyfferently  
¶ And labouryng the seruise of god to multiply

¶ Refuse of tyches & worldly bayngloxy  
¶ Perfeccyon wyth perfyght contemplacyon  
¶ Relygyon professyon wel kept in memory  
¶ Merry drede of god wyth holy predycacyon  
¶ Celestyall lappence wyth gostly inspyracyon  
¶ Grace was the gude of al this meyne  
¶ Whome folowed connyng w his genealogy

¶ That is to say gramer and Sophystry  
¶ Phylosophy naturall logyke and Rethoryke  
¶ Alsmetrycke geometry wyth astronomye  
¶ Caney and Cyvilli melodyous musyke  
¶ Noble Theology and corporal physyke  
¶ Moralyzacion of holy scripture  
¶ Profound poetry and drawyng of pyciture

¶ Thysc folowed connyng & thyd wyth h'ycan  
¶ Wyth many one mo offryng her seruise  
¶ To Uteru at that nede but not wyth stodig they  
¶ Sonie he refusid and sayd in nowysse

¶ They shuld wþth hym go as I could susþ  
¶ They leþore her names fyrt þþyromancy  
¶ Geomancy magyke and glotony

¶ A dryomancy Dymomancy wþ pyromancy  
¶ Fylenomy also and pawmestry  
¶ And al her sequelles þf I shal not lye  
¶ Yet connyng prayed Wertu he wold not deny  
¶ They m̄ for to know noz dyldeþy his eye  
¶ On hem to loke wherto Wertu graunted  
¶ How be it in his werres ge wold not they haþted

¶ So had they connyng lyghly to depart  
¶ From Wertu his feld and they seyng this  
¶ By compy assent hyced them a cartte  
¶ And made hem be catyed toward Wyce Awys.  
¶ Fro thens forth to serue hym this wold, not myys  
¶ For loþ they were to be maysterles  
¶ In stede of the better the worse there they ches

¶ But forth to relese al the remenant  
¶ Of pety capteins that wþth Wertu were  
¶ Moderate dyet and wyldom auenant  
¶ Euen wcyght and mesure wate of contagioȝ ge  
¶ Loþ to offend ann louyng ay to bere  
¶ Worshyp and profyte wþ myrth in maner  
¶ Thysse pety capteins wþth Wertu were in fete

¶ Commons hem folowed a grete multitude  
¶ Wþth came pyson to that other syde

¶ Item thereto was not brefely to conclude.  
¶ The x. man that batayl to abyde.  
¶ Yet neuerthelis I shal not from you hyde.  
¶ What maner people they were & of what secte  
¶ As nere as my wyt thereto wyll me direct.

¶ There were noble and famous doctours.  
¶ Example peuers of lyuyng gracyous.  
¶ Herpetuel preses and dyscrete confessours.  
¶ Of holy scripture declarers fructuous.  
¶ Rebukers of syn & myscheues odious.  
¶ Syllers of soules & louers of cleenes.  
¶ Dypsypfers of beyn and worldly rychesse.

¶ Deasyble prelatys Justycyal gouernours.  
¶ founders of chyrches wyth mercyfull peres.  
¶ Reformers of wrong of het progenytours  
¶ On peynfull pore pyreous compasyoners  
¶ well menyng marchautes w trew artefegers  
¶ Virgyns pure and also Innocentes.  
¶ Hooly matrones w chast contynence.

¶ Oylgrynes & palmers w trew laborers  
¶ Holy heremytes goddys solycytours  
¶ Honestyal monkes & well dysposed freres  
¶ Chanons and nonnes feyth pfessoures  
¶ Of worldly people trew conjugatours.  
¶ Louers of Crist Confounders of yll.  
¶ And all that to godward yeue her good wyll.

- ¶ Mayntenances of ryghte bevyng plementes.
- ¶ Bystopeys of errant canstes of knyghte.
- ¶ Crewactyf luyers that set her ententis.
- ¶ The dedis to performe of mercy and ppte.
- ¶ Contemplatyf people that desyre to be.
- ¶ Dalytaryf seruauntis vnto god alone.
- ¶ Bather the to habond in tychesles echome.

¶ Thysle wþþt manþ moþhan I ceher ce can  
¶ were come thyder redy that batayl to abyde.  
¶ And take such part as fyl to Wettu than  
¶ Wyce to uercome they hoped for al his pride  
¶ Al though he had more people on his syde  
¶ for the men that Wettu had were ful sure.  
¶ To trust on at nedre & connyng in armure

¶ Macrocosome was the name of the feld  
¶ where this grete batayll was set for to be  
¶ In the myddys therof stode cōsience & beheld  
¶ whyche of hem shold be brought to captyuyte  
¶ Of that noble tryumph Iuge wold he be  
¶ Synderelys late h̄y wþþin closed as a park  
¶ wþ his table in his honde her dedys to marke.

¶ To come in to the feld were hygh wares. b.  
¶ Tre to both partyes large brode and wypde  
¶ Westyn wold not tari but highe d by thyn blinc  
¶ Lesi he were by wyce deceyued at that tyde  
¶ Long out of the feld loth was he to abyde  
¶ In auenture that he out of it were kept.

For thā wold he have thouȝt he had to long slept

**I**n this mene tyme whyle Wertu th<sup>2</sup> pceded  
For h̄ & his people the feld for to wynnne.  
He charged every man by grace to be guyded.  
And al that euer myght þ feld to enter ynnne.  
In all that season went orygynal synne.  
To let Wyce know how Baptym w̄ his hoste.  
Had entred Macrocosme & serched euery cooste

**A**sayd Wyce I se well it is tyme.  
Baners to dysplay & standarde to auaunce.  
Al most to long haddeſt þ taryed cryme.  
To let vs haue knolege of this purveyaunce.  
yet I crow I ſhal leerne hem a new daunce.  
Wherfore I commaund you al wþout delaye  
Toward the felde drawyn all the haſt ye may

**T**han sayd þ god Pluto þ al men myȝt here  
Wyce. I the charge as thou wylt elche w.  
Our heuyous Indignacyō þ draw not arere  
But put þ forth boldly to ouerthow we Wertu.  
In fayth quod Atropos & I ſhal after ſew  
For yf he escape oure hondys this day.  
I tell you my ſetysle haue lost for aþ.

**H**orth than rode Wyce w̄ al his hole strength  
On his ſtede serpentynne as i told you byfore.  
The oþ that h̄ folowed was of a grete leȝth.  
Amoȝ whō were penous & gnyȝs mania ſcot

¶ Of þys pety capteynis he made many a knyght  
¶ for they shuld not fle but manly w þm fight

¶ He doubted falleþod wþþ Dylsynn placþon.  
¶ Symony Wlury Wrong and Ryþawþ.  
¶ Malþce Decept Lye wþþout Extorsyon.  
¶ Deceitþ Dylsynn and Apostasy.  
¶ Wþþ boldnes in þl to bere þm company.  
¶ Chyse, roun, knyghtes made byre that daye.  
¶ To wþn her spores they sayd they wold assay

¶ In lyke wþle Wertu doubted on his syde:  
¶ Of pety capteynis other fourtene.  
¶ Wþþ he made her anou wþþ hþm to abyde:  
¶ Her spores wold they wþ þ day shold it be seen  
¶ Chyse wæc her names yf it be as I wene  
¶ Freþþ, Hope & Merrey Trouþ & also Ryȝht.  
¶ Wþ Resynsance of wronge a full hardy wyghte

¶ Confessyon Contrþyon wþþ Satysfaction  
¶ Wertrey dñe of God þerformyng of penance  
¶ Perþeþon Connyng and Good dylþorison  
¶ And all knyght to Wertu they were by alþauns  
¶ Wherfore to hþm they made assuraunce.  
¶ That feld to kepe as long as they myght.  
¶ And in hiȝs quarel agayn Wþce to fyght.

¶ The lord of Macracoisme a knyght of þ see  
¶ Was called freþþill chamber of the chaffice:  
¶ To whome Wertu sent embassiations thre

¶ Besyng dyscresyon a good remembraunce.

¶ And prayed hym be fauorable his honoure to thās

¶ For h̄t he had his fauour at hym poynt of nece.

¶ He stood in gret doute he coude not lightly spedē.

¶ In lyke wylle. Wyce embassatours thre.

¶ For his party vnto frewyll sent.

¶ Temptacyon foli a sensualyte.

¶ Prayng hym of fauour that he wolde assent.

¶ To hym as he wolde at his comandement.

¶ Haue hym effisones whan he lyst to call.

¶ On hym for ony thyng hym afterward myght fall.

¶ Answere yauie he non to neyther party.

¶ Haue oonli he layd hym batayll wolde he se

¶ To wete whiche of hym shold haue hym vctory.

¶ Hithyng in his balauice hym ambyguyte.

¶ He sayd he wolde not restrayne his lyberte.

¶ Whan he come whare so wyl shold a wāke.

¶ Then it shold be know what part he wyl take

¶ Whan Wyce be her ambassatours.

¶ Knew of this answere they stood in gret doute.

¶ Neuertheles they sayd they wold endure tho shours

¶ And make an ende shortly of hym they wet aboute.

¶ Soo forth came Wyce w̄ all his greate route.

¶ Er he camie at hym selde he sent yet priuily.

¶ Sensualyte before in maner of a spy.

¶ Whiche se w̄ hym felde w̄ his vnynde seede.

That caused vertu after mykyll woe to feele  
for therof grewe nought but all oonly weede.  
Whiche made the grounde as sleper as an yele.  
He went a pene to vice & folde hym suety dele.  
How he had done and had hym come a way.  
For he had so putueyde h wyce sholdre haue h day.

Hoo as it happed at h felde they mete.  
Frewyll vertu and vice as tripartite.  
Haaf vertu a litil before the felde had gete.  
And ellis his anātage so soth had be fullyght.  
Not soz then encumbred so was never wright.  
As vertu & his men were with the ranke. wede  
That in h felde gre woflesualites lede

But as soone as wyce of vertu had a syght.  
He gan swage gonnes as he had be wode  
That hetynge vertu comaunderd every wright  
To paunce hym vnder the sygne of h rode.  
And had he not drede but kepe styll wherethy.  
It was but a shour shold lone cōfoude stode.  
Wherfore he comaunderd the stād; kepe her groud.

And whan wyce cam nerer to the felde.  
He callyd soze for bowes & bad hem shotefaste  
But vertu & hys meyny bare of with h lheld.  
Of the b ylyd Trynyte ay tyll shot was past.  
And whā shot was done wyce cam forth at last.  
Purposyng the felde wth assaute to wry.  
But vertu kept it long he myght not ent therwy.

¶ All that tyne frewyll made a hym bethought.  
¶ To which he myzt leue a what ge he wold take.  
¶ At last sensualite had hym so fer brought.  
¶ That he sayd playnly he wotu wold forlase.  
¶ And in byce hys quarell all his power make.  
¶ Frona Iwys quod reason hys is not for the best.  
¶ Woful se sayd frewyll I wyl do as my lyf.

¶ Item was full heuy when he see frewyll  
¶ Take part with byce but yet nevertheielle.  
¶ He dyde that he myght the felde to kepe syll.  
¶ Tyll byce with frewyll so sore gan hym oppresse.  
¶ That he was constanyed clerely by duresse.  
¶ A lytyll tyne abacke to make abew retret.  
¶ All thyng consydered hit was the best feit.

¶ Hyrst to remembre how byce parte was.  
¶ Ten ayen one strenger bylykynesse.  
¶ And than how frewyll was with hym alaȝ.  
¶ Whoo coude deme vertu but in heuynesse.  
¶ Moreouer to thynke how that slyper grasse.  
¶ That of sensualite hys on kynde seide grem.  
¶ Under foot in standyng encombred vertew

¶ Yet not withstandyng vertue his men all.  
¶ Nobelly they m bare and faught myghtly.  
¶ How be it slyper grasse made many of he fall.  
¶ And from thense in maner departe sodenly.  
¶ That seyng byce his boist began to shout & cry.  
¶ And sayd on in blud name on a all is ouer.

¶ To this day shal Wyce be made a conquerour.

¶ Thus Wertu was by myght of wyce & strew  
¶ Deyuen out of the feld it was the more pyte yll  
¶ How byt yet Baptym kept his ground stll.  
¶ And whym abode feyth hope & vnyte.  
¶ And konnyng also in a grete mynne.  
¶ Confessyon contrycyon were redy at her hond.  
¶ And Satysfaction Wyce to wythstond.

¶ But al the tyme whyle Wertu was away.  
¶ A myghty conflycte kept they in Wyces ront.  
¶ And yet nevertheles for al that grete afrai.  
¶ Hope stod bryght & feyth wold never lout.  
¶ And euermōt sayd Baptym lyres put no dout.  
¶ Wertu shal return & haue his entent.  
¶ This feld shal be ours or let me be shent.

¶ And whyl thys pety capteyns sustend sh' þ feld  
¶ Wyth Wertu his reward come good pseuerans  
¶ Am hugg myghty hoost & whan he beheld.  
¶ How Wertu hym withdraw he toke dyspleasus.  
¶ And whā he to hys cam he sayd ye shal your chāg  
¶ Take as it fallyrth wherfore returne ye must.  
¶ Yet ones for your sake in Wyce shal I Just.

¶ Alas that euer ye shold lese your honour.  
¶ And therwyth also þ hygh ppetuel crowne.  
¶ Which is for you kept in the celestyal tour.  
¶ Wherfore be ye called chrysps champion.

¶ How is it that ye haue noo compasyone.  
¶ On baptyme feyth & hope konnyng & vnde.  
¶ That ståd so hard bestad & fyght as ye may see.

¶ All the tresour erthely vnder þyrmamet  
¶ Chat euer was made of goddys creacyon.  
¶ To reward theym euinely were not equyualent.  
¶ for her noble labour in his affleccyon.  
¶ Wherfore take vpon you your Iu rul dyccyon  
¶ Rescu yonder knyghtes & recontynu fyght.  
¶ And els a dew your crowny: or al your greet mynt

¶ With these & suche wordys as I haue you tolde  
¶ By good perseuerance vttred in this wylle.  
¶ Wertu hym remembred & gan to vere holde.  
¶ And sayd yeue crew knyghtis to rescu Iaurysle  
¶ Let vs no lengat tary from this entrepreyse.  
¶ Agayn to þ felde soo Wertu retourned.  
¶ That caused he be mery þ log afore had moyned

¶ Huant baner qd he in þ name of Iesu  
¶ And with þ his people set vp a gret shoute.  
¶ And cryed with a loude voce a Wertu & Wertu.  
¶ Then began Ulyce his hoost for to loke a boute.  
¶ But I trow pseuerance was not long withoute  
¶ He bathed his swerd in his foos blood.  
¶ The boldest of hem all not ones hþ withstooode.

¶ Constaunce hym folowed & brought hþ his spere  
¶ But when pseuerance saw Ulyce on his stede.

¶ Non man coude hym let tylle he came there.  
¶ For to byd hym ryde therowt was no nedē.  
¶ All Wettu his doſt prayed for his good ſpede.  
¶ Agayn Wyce he rode with his gretel haſt.  
¶ And hym ouerthrew for all his ſoryll craft.

¶ That ſeyng frewill came to conſcience.  
¶ And gan hym to repente þe with hym had be.  
¶ Prayeng hym of couſell for his grete offence.  
¶ That he agayn Wettu had made his arme.  
¶ What was best to doo to humlyte:  
¶ Ob conſcience muſt þe go ſo he hym thyder ſent.  
¶ Dylguyſed þe were not knownen as he wente.

¶ And whan he thyder caine humlyte hym toke.  
¶ Stoken a bad hym go to conſeffyon.  
¶ And ſhew hym his mater with a peteouſ loke  
¶ Whiche done he hym ſent to contrycyon.  
¶ And fro thensfor the to ſatylſaccyon.  
¶ Thus fro poouſt to pyler was he made to dauce.  
¶ And at the laſt he went ſeȝthe to penaunce.

¶ But now for to tel you whē Wyce was ouerthrew.  
¶ A gret part of his doſt about hym gan reſorte.  
¶ But he was ſo febyll þe coude nonian know.  
¶ And whan they ſeȝ they knew no comforde.  
¶ But carued hym a way be a preuy porce.  
¶ And as they carued dyspeytre with hym met.  
¶ With Wyce his rewarde he cam them ſor to fet.

¶ They came there downe goodly ladyes theryn.  
¶ From the h[er]e ghe heuen aboue the syrmamente.  
¶ And sayd the gret Alpha & Do moost souereyn.  
¶ For that nobell trymphe had hem thyder sent.  
¶ One of hem to dreyue Wyce to grete tormente.  
¶ With a fyry strong y she bare in her hande.  
¶ And so he dede dysperre & all his hole bande.

¶ The name of this lady was called Prestyence.  
¶ She never left Wyce ne none y wolde hym folow.  
¶ Tyll they were compyled by hym dysypne sentence.  
¶ All to Payne perpetuell & Infynyte sorow.  
¶ Right wylnes went to se hym nomā shold he borow.  
¶ Th[er]e al entred sharpely were they tyll Cerber.  
¶ Had hem beshut within his gates tenebr.

¶ And all hym whyle hym Prestyence w[th] her scorge smerte.  
¶ To rewarde Wyce gan her thus occupy.  
¶ Much all his hole bende after her deserte.  
¶ That other glorious lady hym came fro heue on hym.  
¶ Hauyng in her honde the palme of victory.  
¶ Came downe to Vertu & toke hym to hym present.  
¶ Sayeng thus that Alpha & Do hath hym sent.

¶ And as ferre as I ryght coude vnderstonde.  
¶ That ladyes name was Predestynacyon.  
¶ Vertu & his doost he blesyd with her honde.  
¶ And in heuyn graunted hem habytacyon.  
¶ Whereto eche of hem reseruyd was a crowne.  
¶ She sayd in token that they enherytours.

¶ Of the gloriȝ were ḡracious conquerours.

¶ Wytch̄ done the ladies' aȝen to gyder met  
¶ And to warde heueny up they gan to sty

¶ Embraced in armes as they had ben knyt.

¶ Togyd̄ w̄ a gyrdyl but so sodenly.

¶ As þy met wamp̄lyd saw I neuȝ thyg w̄ ey.

¶ And anone Wlertu wytch̄ al his company.

¶ Kneled doȝn & thāked god of þ̄ vycory.

¶ Yet had I forgot whan Wyce was ouerthrown:

¶ To haue told you how many of Wlpcys hoost.

¶ Gan to seke pease & darked doȝn ful low.

¶ And besought mercy what so euer it coste.

¶ To be her mene to Wlertu els þy we but lost.

¶ And some in yke wylle to seyth & hope sought.

¶ What to do for pease they layd they ne couȝte.

¶ Some also Waptym se wed to be her mene.

¶ Sonȝ to one sonȝ to other as thei h̄e gete myȝte.

¶ But al to Confessyon w̄et to make h̄e clene

¶ And as þy came to cōȝe he they bad go lyȝte.

¶ Er thā old attrapes of h̄e had a spȝt.

¶ For yf he so theym toke lost they w̄t for euer

¶ He layd Wyce to forlake better late thȝ neuer.

¶ Some for locout drec to circūcisiȝ.

¶ But by h̄y coud they gete but smal sauour.

¶ For he in that company was had but in derysyd

¶ Secret plesse to seyth he bad h̄e go labouȝe.

¶ Prayng they for olde acqueyntāce they socourc  
¶ Wel qđ feth for his sake I shal do þ I may doo  
¶ But fyſte for the best way baptym go ye to.

¶ For by hym sonest shal ye recover grace.  
¶ Which shal to Wertu bryng you by processe.  
¶ Wherfore in ony wylle loke ye make good face.  
¶ And let noman know of your heuynes.  
¶ So they were by baptym brought out of desres  
¶ Turned al to Wertu & whan this was done.  
¶ Wertu cumafidē frewyl before hym come.

¶ To whom thus he sayd I haue grete merueyl  
¶ Ye durst be so bold Wyees party to take.  
¶ Who bad you do so & yame you that counseyl.  
¶ Justly unto that ye shal me preuy make.  
¶ Then sayd Frewyl & swenifull spake.  
¶ Knelyng on his kne wþth a chere denying.  
¶ I pray you syz let pyte your eyes to me enclyne.

¶ And I shall yow tel the verrey sooth of all.  
¶ How it was & who made me that way drawe.  
¶ For sooth sensualyte his þþre name they call.  
¶ Al sayd reason then I know wel that felowe.  
¶ Wyld he is & wanton of me stanþ none awe.  
¶ Is he so qđ Wertu wel he shall be taught.  
¶ As a player shuld to draw another draught.

¶ And wþ that came sadness wþth his sober chere.  
¶ Bryngyngh Sensualite bryng ful of thought.

¶ And sayd that he had take hym prisoneſſe.  
¶ A welcome ſayd Wercu now haue I þe I ſouȝt.  
¶ Bleſſed be the good lord as þe wold it is nouȝt  
¶ Whiſt arte þe ſo wantou he ſayd for shame.  
¶ O þe go at large þe ſhall be more tame.

But ſodd a part a whyle tyl I haue ſpoken a word  
¶ Wyth frewyl a lytyl & then ſhalte þe knowe.  
¶ What ſhalbe thy fyndance: then he ſayd in boþd  
¶ Unto frewyl the bend of your boþe.  
¶ Begynnyngh to ſlak but ſuche as ye haue ſome  
¶ Muſt nedes reþte there is none waye.  
¶ Not wþtſtandyngh that lette what ye can ſaye.

¶ What is your habilitie me to recompense.  
¶ For the grete harme that ye to me haue do.  
¶ For soþ I ſayd frewyl in open audience.  
¶ But only þe macrocosme more haue I not loo.  
¶ Take þe þt pleynſe you I wyl that it be ſoo.  
¶ Ye I may understand ye be my good lord.  
¶ In dede ſayd Wercu to that wyl I accorde.

¶ Then made Wercu Reaſon his leþtenaunte.  
¶ And gaue hi a grete charge macrocosme to keþe  
¶ That done ſensualite ſeld hym reþeaunte.  
¶ And began for angreþ byþerly to wepe.  
¶ For he demed surely þys ſorow we ſhould not ſlepe  
¶ Then made Wercu frewyl bayl bnd Reaſon.  
¶ The ſeld for to occupy to his behoue that ſeafol.

¶ And then sayd Wertu to Sensualyte.  
¶ Thou shalt be rewarded for thy besynesse.  
¶ Under this furme al frapplyte.  
¶ Shalt þ forfaine both more and leſſe.  
¶ And vnd the gypdyg þ shalt be of sadnessse.  
¶ All though it com v̄ hat be agayn thy hette.  
¶ Thy Iugement is gyuen þ shalt it not aſterte

¶ And eyen w̄ that came in dame Nature.  
¶ Sayeng th̄ to Wertu syr ye do me wronge.  
¶ By durcſſe a conſtreyn to put this creature.  
¶ Genyill Sensualyte þ hath me fued longe.  
¶ Clerely from his lybette & let hym amonge.  
¶ They that loue hym not to be het vndoute.  
¶ As it were a cast away or a ſha cloute.

¶ And perde ye know well a rewle haue I now  
¶ Wythyn Macrocole me for sooth I say not nay.  
¶ Qd Wertu bu t ſensualyte ſhai not pform your lust  
¶ Lyke as he hath do befor this yf I may.  
¶ Thers fro hym reſtreyn ſadnesſe ſhal assay.  
¶ How be it ye ſhal haue your hole lybette.  
¶ Wythyn Macrocole as ye haue had fre.

¶ And whan Wertu had to Nature ſayd thys  
¶ A lytyll tyne his ey caſting hym beſyde.  
¶ He ſe in a cornet ſtondyng Morpleus.  
¶ That hym before warned of þ clerely tyde.  
¶ A syſſayd Wertu yet we muſt abyde.  
¶ Here is a frend of ours may not be forȝete.

¶ After his deſerte me ſhall he entreate

¶ Morpleſayd. Wertu I thāke you hertely.  
¶ For your trewherte & your greate laboure.  
¶ That he þeft to come to me ſoo ſeedely.  
¶ Whan ye vnderſtood þe comþg of that ſhourē.  
¶ I thāke god & you of ſauþg of my honoure.  
¶ Wherfore this preuyplege now to you I grāt  
¶ That my Macrocōſme ye ſhall haue your haſt.

¶ And of fyue poſternes þe keþ ſhall ye ke pe.  
¶ Lettyng in aout at hiſtūmē ye lyſt.  
¶ As long as in Macrocōſme your faſt wyll crepe.  
¶ Where whos ey ye wyll hardely in your myſt.  
¶ And kepe your wetkes cloſe there as in a chyst.  
¶ Saaf I wold deſyre you ſpare Pollution.  
¶ For no thyng may me pleſe þe ſoueth to corrupcyon.

¶ And whā he had th̄ ſayd þe keyes he heþ toke.  
¶ And toward his caſtell whis people went  
¶ Byddyng reaſon take good heſte & about loke.  
¶ That leſualite by Nature were not ſhet.  
¶ Kepe heþ ſhort he ſayd tyll his luſt be ſpēt.  
¶ For better were a chylde to by bnboze.  
¶ Then let heþ haue þe wþll reſoner before.

¶ And whā olde Atropos had ſeen & herd all this  
¶ How Wertu had opteyned aþtonyed as he ſhooð,  
¶ He ſayd to hiſelf ſomewhat there is amþg.  
¶ I know well my parent be not all good.

¶ Sayeng to the goddys I see ye do but sape.  
¶ After a worthy wher haue ye made me gape.

¶ How a deuyll way sholde I Vertue ouerthow.  
¶ When he dredeth not al your hole rouse.  
¶ How can ye make good your patēt wold I know.  
¶ Hit is to Imposseble to bryng that aboute.  
¶ for Stryke hym may I not his out of doute.  
¶ A good Atropos sayd god Apollo.  
¶ Answere conuenyent shall thou haue herto.

¶ The wordes of thy patent dare I well say.  
¶ Stretche to no for iher but were dame Nature  
¶ hath Turys dyccyon ther to haue thy way nota.  
¶ And largesse to Stryke as longet to thy cure.  
¶ And as for Vertu he his no creature.  
¶ Under the predycament concyned of quantyte  
¶ Wherfore his dystruccyon longeth not to the.

¶ I ha sayd Atropos then I see well.  
¶ That all ye goodys be but couerfete.  
¶ So do God there is that can everydell.  
¶ Tourne as hym leſt bothe drye & whete.  
¶ In to whoos seruyce I shal assay to gete.  
¶ And yf I may ones to his seruyce come.  
¶ Your names shal be put to oblyuone.

¶ Thus went Atropos fro the paleys wrooth.  
¶ But in the meane iyme whyle þe there was.  
¶ Glydynge by the paleys resyduacyon gooth.

¶ Towarde Macrocolme with a peyned pale.  
¶ Clad lyke a pylgryme walkyng a grete pale.  
¶ In the forme as he had ben a man of ynde.  
¶ we wede haue made reson & sadnesse both blyde

¶ With sensualyte was he soone aqueynted.  
¶ To whome he dide arid his mater pryuely.  
¶ Yet he was espyed for all his face peyned.  
¶ Then reson h̄ comauded pykch h̄ thes lightly.  
¶ For his easē qd sadnesse so cou. eyll hym wyl J.  
¶ Doo was sensualyte ay kepe vnder foote.  
¶ That to resydencyon myght he doo no boote.

¶ Then went he to fature & as ked her auryse.  
¶ His entent to optrynde what was he s̄ to doo.  
¶ She sayd euer lyth Wertu of vyce man p̄ prylse.  
¶ Reson with sadnesse hath rendred the felde loo.  
¶ That J & sensualyte may lytphil for the doo.  
¶ for J may noo more but only kepe my cours.  
¶ And yet is sensualyte strenger kept & wores.

¶ Th̄ her̄g resydencyon fro thes he went ageyn  
¶ full of thought & sorow h̄ he myght not spece.  
¶ Than reson & sadnesse toke wedebokes tweyn.  
¶ And all wylde wanenesse out h̄ felde gan wede.  
¶ With all the slyper grasse h̄ grewe of the sede.  
¶ That sensualyte before therin sew.  
¶ And so thens forth kept it clene for bertew.  
¶ Than began new grasse in the felde to spryng.

¶ All bryanke þ other of colour fayr & bryght. 102  
¶ But then I aspyed a meruelous thyng.  
¶ for the groûde of þ felde gan weþ hore a whpt.  
¶ I coude not conceyue how þ be myght.  
¶ ¶ Tyll I was enformed & caught it to know.  
¶ But wher bettu occupyet must nedes wel grow.

¶ Yet in the mene tyme while the felde thus grow.  
¶ And reson with sadness therof had goueraunce.  
¶ Many a preuy messenger iþydet sent Werten.  
¶ To know þf it were guyded to his plesaunce.  
¶ Now prayer est fastyng & often tyme penaunce.  
¶ And whan he myght goo preuely almeseeðe.  
¶ And bad hþ to his pañer helpe wher he se nedde.

¶ While þ felde thus rewled reson with sadness.  
¶ Mange dame Nature for all her carnall myght.  
¶ Came thyder Atropos bwoð of all gladness.  
¶ Wrapped in his shete & axed of eny ryght.  
¶ Coude wylle hym the way to the lorde of light.  
¶ Orellis wher myght fynde ryghwysnesse.  
¶ For so the sayd reyson I rowas I gesse.

¶ At Werten his castell ye may seone hym synde.  
¶ Eye lykþ the laboure thyder to take.  
¶ And thereshall ye know þf ye be not blynde.  
¶ The next weþ to þe lord of lyght I vndertake.  
¶ So thyder went Atropos petryon to make.  
¶ To ryghtwysnesse prepeng that he myght.  
¶ We take in to the seruise of þe lorde of lyght.

¶ What I sayd ryghtwysnes hulde doting foole.  
¶ Whome hast thou setyd lyth the woldē begā.  
¶ But comly hym where hast þ go to scole.  
¶ Whethervat þ doubl cor elles the sam man.  
¶ That thou were syrt a syr sayd he than.  
¶ I praye you hertely holde me excused.  
¶ I am olde & febell my wytys are dysused.

¶ Well sayd ryghtwysnes for as moche as thou.  
¶ Knowest not thy mayst thy name shal I change.  
¶ Ther shal þ be caled from hēs forward now.  
¶ Among all the peple that shal be had straunge.  
¶ But whan þ begynnest to make thy chalange.  
¶ Dreddē shal thou be where so thou become.  
¶ And to noo creature shal thou be welcome.

¶ And as for them whome thou dedest serue.  
¶ For as moche as they presume on hem to take.  
¶ That thygh name of god they shal as they desue.  
¶ Therfore be rewarded I dare not take.  
¶ Wryth payn p̄petuall among fendeis blake.  
¶ And her names shall be put to oblyupon.  
¶ Among men but it be in dyptysyon.

¶ I ha sayd Atropos now begynne I wer glad.  
¶ That I shal thus auenged of hem be.  
¶ Soþt they so long tyme haue made me so mad.  
¶ Pre q̄þ ryghtwysnes here what I say to the.  
¶ The lordē of lyght sent the woldē by me.

¶ That in Mactocosme sesyne shalt thou take  
¶ wherfore thy darke redy luke thou make

¶ And as soone as vertue that vnderstood  
¶ He sayd he was pleased that it sholde soo be  
¶ And euē forth with he comauanded presthood  
¶ To make hym redy the feide for to se  
¶ So thyder went presthode with benygnyte  
¶ Conueyeng thyder the blesyd sacrament  
¶ Of Eukaryst but fyrt were thyder sent

¶ Confessyō contrycyon and satysfaccyō nota  
¶ Sorow for syne and grete repentaunce  
¶ Holy deuocyon with good bysposcyon  
¶ All these thyder came and also penaunce  
¶ As her dewte was to make puruaunce  
¶ Agayn the comyng of that blesyd lordē  
¶ Seyth hope a charyte thereto were acoide

¶ Reason with sadness e byde his dylygence  
¶ To clese the feide within and without  
¶ And whan they se the bodily presence  
¶ Of that holy Eukaryst lowly gan they lout  
¶ So was that lordē receyued out of dout  
¶ With all humble chere debonayre a benygne  
¶ Lykly to pleasure it was a grete sygne

¶ Then came to the felde the mynister synall  
¶ Called holy vncyon with a crysmatorp  
¶ The syue hye wayes in especyall

¶ Therell he anointed & made his sanctuary  
¶ whome folowed deth whiche wolde not carry  
¶ His feruent power there to put in bre  
¶ As he was conisidered graunting dame Nature

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¶ He toke his darte calld his mortall lance  
¶ And bent his stroke towarde the feldes herte.  
¶ That leyng presthode had good remembraunce  
¶ Towarde the feldes tourne hym & aduerte  
¶ For except hym all vertues thense must sterre  
¶ And eu'en with that deshe there sesyne toke  
¶ And then all the company clerely hit forsoke

¶ And as soone as dethe thus had sclyne take  
¶ The colour of the felde was chaunged sodeynly  
¶ The crasse ther in seece as though it had be bats  
¶ And the fyue hygh wavyes were mured upon hy  
¶ That fro thelfowarde none entre shold therbi  
¶ The posternes were also without lette  
¶ Bot hem uparde & outwarde syne fast shette

Whiche done sodeynly de the vanysched a way  
And vertu exalted was aboue the syrmament  
Wher he toke crowne of glori; is ap  
Preparate by Alpha & oo empyotent  
The swete frute of macrocosme thyd wch wch  
And on all this mater as I stood musyng thus  
Agayn fro the felde to me came Mopleus

**A**Sharegthus wher ther be howlyketh þ this syght

¶ Haste thou seen ynough or wyll thou see more  
¶ Say syt I sayd my trouthe I pou pylght  
¶ This is suffycyente yf I knew wherfore  
¶ This was to me shewed for therof he bore  
¶ Coueyte I to haue yf I gete myght  
¶ folow me quod he and haue thy delyght

¶ Soo I hym folowed tyll he had me brought  
¶ To a foresquare herbet walled round aboute  
¶ Loo quod Morple? here maist thou þ thou sought  
¶ fynde yf thou wyll I put the out of doute  
¶ A lytyll whyle we stood stylle there withoute  
¶ Tyll wytte chyef porter of that herbet gate  
¶ Bequyred by stodye lete vs in there ate

¶ But whan I came in meruayled greetly  
¶ Of that I behelde a herde reporte  
¶ For syrly in a chayre apparayled roually  
¶ There late dam doctryne her chuldern to exorte  
¶ And about her was many a sondry sorte  
¶ Some wyllyng to lerne dyuerse scyence  
¶ And some for to haue perfyte intellygence

¶ Crowned she was lyke an Emperesse  
¶ Which wi. crownes standyng on her hebe on by  
¶ All teyng about her an In sympte processe  
¶ were to declare I tell you certaynly  
¶ Neuerthelesse come in mynde therof haue I  
¶ whiche I shall to you as god wyll yeue me grace  
¶ As I sawe a herde tell in short space

¶ First by Doctryne on that one syde  
¶ As I remembre late holy Texte  
¶ That opened his mouth to þ people þyde  
¶ But not in comparysoun to Glose þ late nexte  
¶ Moralysacion with a cloke contexte  
¶ Late þ scripture was scribe to theym all  
¶ He late aþ wrytyng of that that sholde fall  
¶ These were tho that I there knewe  
¶ By no maner waye of olde acqueyntaunce  
¶ But as I before saw theym with Witterwe  
¶ Company in felde & haþyng valpaunce  
¶ And as I chus stod hafse in a traunce  
¶ Whyle they were occupied in her belynnesse  
¶ Aboute the walles myn <sup>beginning</sup> gan I dresse  
¶ Where I beheld the mervaylous story  
¶ That ever I yet sawe in ony pyciture  
¶ For on the walles was made memory  
¶ Syngulerly of every creature  
¶ That there had byn boþe forme & stature  
¶ Whos names rehers I wyl as I can  
¶ Bring theym to mynde in ordre every man  
¶ Fyrst to begynne there was in portraiture  
¶ Adam & Eve holding an apell rounde  
¶ See in a shipp & Abraham haþyng surce  
¶ A stony ston in his honde & Isaac lay bounde  
¶ On an hyghe moore Jacob sleepyngh bounde  
¶ And a long laddet stod belyde  
¶ Joseph in a Cysterne was also therre that tyde.

¶ Next whom stode Moses with his tables two  
¶ Aaron and were his armes supportynge.  
¶ Eli in a brennyng chate was there also.  
¶ And Elize stode clad in hermytes c oþyng.  
¶ Davyd wyth an harpe and a stone synge.  
¶ Ilaye Jeremy and Czechpell.  
¶ And closed wyth Lyons holy Danpell.

¶ Abacuc Mychée wyth Malachy.  
¶ And Jonas out of a whales body comyng.  
¶ Samuel in a Temple a holy Zachary.  
¶ Belyde an aultcr all blody stondynge.  
¶ Osee wyth Judyth stood there conspyng.  
¶ The deth of Oloferne a Salamon.  
¶ A chylde wyth hys swerde drupdynge in two.

¶ Many mo pþhetes certeynly there were.  
¶ Whoos names now come not to my mynde;  
¶ Melchysedech also I espyed there.  
¶ Breda a wyne offyng as fell to his kynde.  
¶ Joachym a Anna stode al behynde.  
¶ Embraced in armes to the golden gate.  
¶ And holy Johan Baptyst in desett sat.

¶ And now comyth to my remembrunce.  
¶ I am awyed I saw Sodechy:  
¶ And Amos also with sober countenaunce.  
¶ Stondyng wyth her faces towarde Sophony.  
¶ Jeremy a Eldas bare hem compayne.  
¶ The holy man Job as an Impotente.

¶ Then folowes in pycure wþþ Thþþy þþcþnt

¶ Thþþy wþþ many mo on that one syde.

¶ Of that grene herber porcayed were.

¶ I sayd. Mornþus a lytþl tunic abyde.

¶ Turn thy face wherþ thy backe was ere.

¶ And beholde well what thou seeþe there.

¶ Than I me turned as he me badde.

¶ Wþþ hecþe stedfaste & countenaunce sadde.

¶ Wherþ I sawe Peter wþþ his keyes stonde.

¶ Poule wþþ a swerde and James also.

¶ Wþþ a scalop & Thomas holdyng in his honde.

¶ Aspere and Phylipp aproched hym to.

¶ James the leſſe nexte hem in pycure loo.

¶ Stode wþþ Bartymew whþch was all flayn

¶ Symon & Thadée shewed howþ they were slayn.

¶ Mathy and Barnabe drawyng lottys stode

¶ Nexte whome was Marke a Lþen hym by.

¶ Hys boke holdyng & Mathew in his made.

¶ Resembled an aungell wþþ wþngys glþowulþ.

¶ Luke had a calfe to holde his boke on bye.

¶ And Iohan wþþ a cuppe & palme in his honde.

¶ In Egle bare his book thus saw I henri stonde

¶ O regory and Jerome Aſſtyn and Ambrose.

¶ Wþþ pyllys on ther heðes stode lyke doctoþs.

¶ Bernard wþþ Ainselme and as I supþse.

¶ Thomas of aquyac and Tonipnyþ cōfessours

¶ Benet and Hew relygynous gouernours.  
¶ Martyn & Johan wiþ bryshops tweyne.  
¶ Were there also and Cryston certayne.

¶ Behynd all ihylle was worshypfull Bede.  
¶ All behynde and next hym stood Otygene.  
¶ Hrdynge his face as he of his dede.  
¶ Had hem a shamed ye wote what I mene.  
¶ For of ercour he was not al clene.  
¶ And on that syde stode laste of alle.  
¶ The noble prophetissa Sybell men her tall.

¶ Let me remembre now I you pray  
¶ My barayn is so thynne I deme in my heire  
¶ Some of the felyshyp that I there say.  
¶ In all this whyle to haue ouersterre.  
¶ A benedicte none ere coude I aduertere.  
¶ To thyke on Andrew the apostle wþ his croſſe.  
¶ Whonie to forgete were a grete losſe.

¶ Many one were peynted on that wall.  
¶ Whoos nanes come not to my remembrasice  
¶ But thyſe I marked in espeyall.  
¶ And moo coude I tell in countenaunce.  
¶ Of tyme but for ih to shewe you the substance.  
¶ Of this mater in the myndys of that arbere.  
¶ That Doctryne coloured as ony crystall clere.

¶ As towned as I tolde you late here before.  
¶ Whoos apparel mos worth tresour I infynytē

¶ All eithir rychelle count I no more.

¶ To that in cōpatyson halewīg thē a myee.

¶ Duer her hede houed a culuer fayz a whyte.

¶ Out of her byll pceded a crete leme.

¶ Downward to Doctryne lyke a sonne be me

¶ The wordes of Doctryne yauē gretē redolēs.

¶ Ys wetnesse of lauour to her dyscypples al.

¶ It fer exceded myr a frankencense.

¶ Or ony other fre spyce or els galle.

¶ And whan she me espyed anone she gan me ca'.

¶ And cōmaūded morple? yhe shold bry wene nere

¶ For she wold me he wth effect of my desyre.

¶ She sayd I know the cause of thy comyng.

¶ Is to understand be in my enformatyon.

¶ Sensyble the mater of morpheus his shewyng

¶ As he hath the led about in besyon.

¶ Wherfore now I apply thy natural reason.

¶ Unto my wordes a or thou hens wend.

¶ Thou shal it it know begynnyng and ende.

¶ For whan Colus to pluto was broughte.

¶ By hys owne neclgence taken psonere.

¶ Wrythim the erth for he so fer soughte.

¶ Sygnysyd is no more be that matre.

¶ But ony to the wth he doth appere.

¶ That welth unbrydeld at thyng eye.

¶ Embraeth myre wile and oft causyth foly.

¶ For lyke as Colus beryng at his large  
¶ Strepted hymselfe throug his own lewdenesse  
¶ For he wolde deele where he had no chare  
¶ Byght so wantons by her wyldenesse  
¶ Ofte spethe bryng hymselfe in dystresse  
¶ Be cause they somtyme to largely deele  
¶ What may wors be suffred tha ouermykell weale

¶ By Mynos the Juge of hell desperate  
¶ May be vnderstonde goddyns ryghtwysnes  
¶ That to euery wyght his payne deputate  
¶ Allygneth acordyng to his wyckednes  
¶ wherfore he is called Juge of cruelnes  
¶ And as for Dyana & Neptunus compleynite  
¶ Sygured may be fooles reason feynt.

¶ For lyke as they made her suggestyon  
¶ To haue me Colus from cours of his kynde  
¶ whiche was Impossyble to bryng to correccyon  
¶ For euermore his lyberte haue wyll the wynde  
¶ In lyke wylle fooles other whyle be blynde  
¶ wenyng to subdew with her one honde  
¶ That is ouermykell for all an hole londe

¶ But what foloweth therof that shall thou heare  
¶ when they were come to the banke  
¶ The grete Apollo with his sad chere  
¶ Soo fayre & curiously gan theym entret  
¶ That he made her beerdys on the new gett  
¶ Loo what wylisme dooth to a foole

Therefore are children put to scode

¶ Ofte is it seen with sobre contenaunce  
¶ That wyls men fooles ouercome ay  
¶ Tomyng as hem lyf & all her baryance  
¶ Change from ernest in to metry play  
¶ What were they bothe amendeth that day  
¶ When they were drenen to her wyttes ende  
¶ Were they not sayne to graunt to be his frende

¶ Ryght soo fooles when they haue done  
¶ All that they can than be they sayne  
¶ Spye bphed mater to oblyuyone  
¶ Without rewarde they haue nomore brayne  
¶ And yet ful ofte hath hit be sayne  
¶ When they it haue forytte & set at nought  
¶ That they full dere haue afterwarde it brought

¶ And as for all tho that represent  
¶ To be called godlys at that banke  
¶ Resemble false ydolys but to his entent  
¶ Was Marpleus comaunderd thyder the to set  
¶ That thou sholdest know the maner & the get  
¶ Of the paynym law and of her byleue  
¶ How false ydolatrie ledeth hem by the sleue

¶ for soone bypon the wroldys creacyon  
¶ when Adam and Eve had broke the precept  
¶ whiche clerkes call the tyme of deuyacyon  
¶ The wroldly people in paynym law slept

¶ Tylly moyses bnt god the tables of stone kept  
¶ In whiche tyme Poetes feyned many a fable  
¶ To dyscrete Reason ryght acceptable

¶ And to the entent that they sholde sounde  
¶ To the ceres of hem the more pleasantly  
¶ That they sholde rede or here they paue they a  
¶ And addid names vnto they naturally groud  
¶ Of whom they spake & callid he goddis hy  
¶ Some for the strength & myght of her nature  
¶ And some for her sotyll wytty conjecture

¶ By nature thus as the seuen planettes  
¶ Haue her propre names by Astronomeres  
¶ But goddys were they called by olde Poetes  
¶ For her gret feruency of weckyng in her speres  
¶ Experyence preueth this at all yeres  
¶ And for as other that goddys called be  
¶ For sotyll wytte that shall teche the

¶ How they by that hyghe name of god cam  
¶ In this sayd tyme the people was so rude  
¶ That what maner creature man or woman  
¶ Coude ony newelte contrype and conclude  
¶ For the comon wele all the multytude  
¶ Of the comon people a god sholde hym call  
¶ Or a goddesse after hit was fall

¶ Of the same thyng that was so newelte founde  
¶ As Ceres for she the crafte of tylthe fonde

¶ Wherby more plentuously come byd haboude  
¶ The people her called throught out every londe  
¶ Goddess of come wendyng in her honde  
¶ Had layn all power of cornes habundance  
¶ Thus were þ Paynims deceyued by ignorance

¶ In lyke maner Isys was called the goddesse  
¶ Of frute for she fyrst made it multiply  
¶ By the name of graftyng & so by proccesse  
¶ The name of þan gan to decyfry  
¶ For he fyrst founde the mene shewe to gryp  
¶ Some toke it also by her condycyon  
¶ As Pluto fortune and suche other doon

¶ Thus all that Poetes put vnder couerture  
¶ Of fable the rurall people hit toke  
¶ Properly as acte refusyng the sygure  
¶ Whiche errour some of hem never forsoke  
¶ Ofte a false mytour deceyued a mannes lode  
¶ As thou mayst dayly pryue at thyne ey  
¶ Thus were the paynims deceyued generally

¶ That sayng the dedely enemy of mankynde  
¶ By his pouer premysse entred the ymagys  
¶ Within the Temples to make the people blynde  
¶ In his ydolatrie standyng on hyghe staggys  
¶ In sonioche whos bled daungerous passagys  
¶ Ony maner way by water or be londe  
¶ When hyd his sacryfycce his ans were redy fonde

¶ Thus duryng the tyme of deuocation  
¶ From adam to Moyses was ydolatrie  
¶ Through the worlde vsed in conion opynyon  
¶ These were the goddys that thou there sy  
¶ And as for the a wayters that stood hem by  
¶ They polytyke Philosophers & Poetes were  
¶ Whiche feyned the fables þ I speke of here

¶ Then sealed the tyme of deuocation  
¶ When Moyses receyued that tables of stone  
¶ Entryng the tyme of reuocacion  
¶ On the mounte of Synay stondyng allone  
¶ God gaue hym myght ayene all his fone  
¶ And then began the olde testament  
¶ Whiche to the people by Moyses was sent

¶ And that tyme dured the Incarnacion  
¶ Of Criste and then began it to sele  
¶ For then came the tyme of reconcylacion  
¶ Of man to god I tell the doutleſe  
¶ When the sone of man put hym in preſe  
¶ Wylfully to suffre deth for mankynde  
¶ In holy scripture this mayſt thou fynde

¶ This Reconcylacion was the tyme of grace  
¶ When fouded was the chirche vpon þ fayre Iude  
¶ And to holy Peter the keye delyuered was  
¶ Of heuen hell dyspoyleſe was anone  
¶ Thys was mankynde delyuered from his fone  
¶ And then began the newe testament

¶ Whiche. iii. hymes a sondry dypuyded  
¶ Mayst thou here ice þe thou lyst beholde  
¶ The fyfth behynde the in pyciture in prouyded  
¶ The seconde of the lyfthondre þe wþþþeþ alde  
¶ The. iii. on the ryght honde here it is to þ tolde  
¶ Thus hast thou in bþþon the beter sygure  
¶ Of thei. iii. hymes here shewed in postcapture

¶ That is to say fyfth of deuþacyon  
¶ From Adam to Moþes recording scripture  
¶ Seconde fro Moþes to the Incarnacion  
¶ Of Crist keþen reuocacyon cure  
¶ And as toþ the thyrd thou mayst be beter sure  
¶ Wþll dure from thens to the worldes ende  
¶ But now the. iii. must thou haue in mynde

¶ Whiche is callid þþþerly þ tyme of pylgremage  
¶ After some & some named it otherwyle  
¶ And callid the tyme of daungerous passage  
¶ And some of weþre that fully hit dypapple  
¶ But what so it be named I wþll the aþþe  
¶ Remembre it well and prþnce it in thy mynde  
¶ wherof the sygure mayst thou me behynde

¶ And elles remembre thyselfe in thyne herke  
¶ How Wyce & Wettue dasþy them occupy  
¶ In maner one of hem hym to peruerre  
¶ Another to byþng hym to endeles glory  
¶ Thus they contynue syght for the wyþþorþ  
¶ This is no nede herof to tell the more

¶ For in this short blysyon þ hast seen it before

¶ And as for Atropos greuous compleynit

¶ Unto the gaddys betokeneth noo more

¶ But only to shew the how frenedly constreynit

¶ On a stedfast herte weyeth full soze

¶ Good wyl requyret good wyl ayenre therfore

¶ Dyscorde to deth hathc ay byn a frende

¶ For Dyscorde bryngeth many to her ende

¶ Wherfore Dethe thought he wolde auenged be

¶ On his frendes quarell þf that he myghte

¶ For her gret unkynnesse in somoche as she

¶ Was among hem all had so in despyle

¶ And at that bancket made of soo lyte

¶ Whiche caused hym among he to cast in a bone

¶ That founde they gnawyng ynough therichone

¶ Thus ofte is seen on frende for a nother

¶ Wyl say a doo and some tyme maters feyne

¶ And also kyngysmen a colyne or a brother

¶ Wyl for his alyet he haue cause compleynit

¶ And wheret that he loueth doo his bely peyne

¶ His frendes mater as his owne to take

¶ Whiche ofte lythe causeth mychyll sorow a awake

¶ Be hit ryght or wrong he chargeth not a myte

¶ Up towarde that poynþ he taketh lytyll heede

¶ So that he may haue his frowarde appetitie

¶ Performed he careth not how his soule spedde not

¶ Of God or Deuyll haue suche lytyll drede  
¶ howbe it one there is that lord is of all  
¶ whiche to cuery wryght at last rewardes hall

¶ And as for þatayl betwene Vertu holde  
¶ Soo playnly appereþ to the inwardly  
¶ To make exposityon therof new or olde  
¶ were but superfluyte there fore refuse hit  
¶ In man shal thou fynde þ were kept dayly  
¶ Lyke as þ hast seen it fowryue before thy face  
¶ The pyciture me behynd thewethit i lytyll space

¶ And as for Macrocosme it is nomore to say  
¶ But the leſſe worlde to the comon entent  
¶ whiche applyed is to man both nyght & day  
¶ Soo is man the felde to whiche all were sent  
¶ On bothe partyes & they that thyder went  
¶ Sygnysye nomore but after the condycyon  
¶ Of cuery manes oppynyon

¶ And as for the noble knyght Perseuerance  
¶ whiche gat the felde when it was almost gone  
¶ Betokeneth nomore but the contynuance  
¶ Of vertuous lypuyng tyll dethe hath auergone  
¶ Who so wyl doo rewarded is anone  
¶ As Vertue was with the crowne on hy  
whiche is noo more but cuerlastynge glory

¶ And as for Priestynacyon  
¶ That eche of hem rewarded after his deserte

¶ Is to bider stonde nomore but dampnacyon  
¶ To bycous people is the berey scourge smett  
¶ Rewarde for they fro Vertue wolde peruert  
¶ And endelesse Joye is to hem that be electe  
¶ Rewarded is to all that folow the same secte

¶ And as for the keyes of the posternes fyue  
whiche were to Morpleys rewarded for his laboure  
¶ Sygnysye not elles but whyle man is on lyue  
¶ His fyue inwarde wyttes shall be every hour  
¶ In his slepe occupied in hele & in langour  
¶ with fantasyes tryfels Illusyons & dremes  
¶ whiche Poetes call Morpleus dremes

¶ And as for Residuacyon is nomore to say  
¶ But after Confessyon fornyng avene to synne  
¶ whiche to every man retornyth sauns delay  
¶ To bycous lyuyng agayn hym to wynne  
¶ whyle ony man lyueth wyll it never blynde  
¶ That cursed conclusyon for to bryng aboute  
¶ But Reason with Sadnes kepe it styll oute

¶ Here hast thou properly the berey sentence  
¶ Herde now declared of this bysyon  
¶ The pycture also yeueth clere intellygence  
¶ Therof behoden with good dyscreasyon  
¶ Loke well aboute and take consyderasyon  
¶ As I haue declared whether hit so be  
¶ As yr quoth Morpleus what tolde I the

¶ Haste thou properly the verey sentence  
¶ Loke on yon wall yonder before  
¶ And all that tyme stood I in a wyr  
¶ Whiche way sytst myn herte wolde yeue more  
¶ To loke in a woddy stood I therfore  
¶ Feuethelesse at last as Morpheus me hadde  
¶ I loked forwarde with conenaunce sadde

¶ Wher I behelde in portrayture  
¶ The maner of the felde even as it was  
¶ Shewyd me before a euery creature  
¶ On bothe sydes beyng drawyng in small space  
¶ Soo carously in soo lytyll a compasse  
¶ In all this woldē was never thynge wrought  
¶ But were I impossible to ethe to be thought

¶ And when I had long beholde that pyccture  
¶ What qd Morpheus how longe shalte thou loke  
¶ Daryng as a dastard on yon portcayture:  
¶ Come of for shame thy wytte stante a croke  
¶ I heryng that myn herte to me toke  
¶ Towarde the fourthe wall tornyng my bysage  
¶ Wher I sawe Poetes & phylosophers sage

¶ Many one moe than at the banquet  
¶ Serued the goddes as I sayde before  
¶ Som were made standyng & som in chaytis set  
¶ Som lokyng on bokys as they had stodyed soye  
¶ Som drawyng almenatis & in her hondis boke  
¶ Altyrlakes takyng the alcytude of the sonne

¶ Among whome Dyogenes late in a tonne.

¶ And as I was lokynge on that fourthe wall  
¶ Of Dyogenes beholdyng the ymage  
¶ Dodeynly Doctryne began me to call  
¶ And bad me tourne towarde hys my bysage  
¶ And so then I dyde with humble corage  
¶ whan thynkest þ She sayd hast þ not thentent  
¶ Yet of these fourre walles what they represent

¶ The pycture on the fyfth þ standeth at my bate  
¶ Sheweth the þ present tyme of pylgremage  
¶ Of whiche before I unto thespake  
¶ whiche is the tyme of daungerous passaunce  
¶ The seconde dyscretly agayne my bysage  
¶ The tyme expredd of Reuocacyon  
¶ Whyle paynyme lawe had the domynacyon.

¶ The thryd wall standyng on my lyfe lende  
¶ The tyme representeth of Reuocacyon  
¶ And the fourthe standyng on my ryght honde  
¶ Determyneth the tyme of Reconsplyacyon  
¶ This is the effecte of thy bysyon  
¶ Wherfore the nedeth no more theron to muse  
¶ Hit were but veyne thy wyttes to dysuse

¶ But duryng the tym of Reconsplyacyon  
¶ Thy tyme of pylgremage loke well þ spende  
¶ And then well gracyous Predestynacyon  
¶ Byngi he to glory at thy law ende

¶ And even with that came to my mynde  
¶ My fyrst conclusyon that I was aboute  
¶ To haue dyuen et slepe made me to lute

¶ That is to say how **Sensualyte**  
¶ W<sup>th</sup> Reason to a corde myght be brought aboute  
¶ Whiche caused me to knele downe on my kne  
¶ And besyke Doctryne determinyng that doute  
¶ De lord god sayd Doctryne canst þ not withoute  
¶ Me that conclusyon bryng to an ende  
¶ Fette us fro the wytte & fetther good meude

¶ And even with that Dethe gan appere  
¶ Shewyng hymselfe as though that he wolde  
¶ Hidder haue occupied within that herbere  
¶ But there was none for hym young nor olde  
¶ Haue only I Doctryne hym tolde  
¶ And when I herde hym with hym comon thus  
¶ I me withdraw behynde **Mopleus**.

¶ Dredyng full sore left he with his dart.  
¶ Through Doctrynes wordes ony entresse.  
¶ In me wolde haue had or claymed ony part  
¶ Whiche shalde haue caused me grete heynesse  
¶ Within whiche tyme a short processe  
¶ Came thyder Reason and **Sensualyte**.  
¶ I quodth Doctryne cyght welcome be ye

¶ It is not long sythe we of you speake  
¶ We must er ye goo determinyng a doute

¶ And euern with that she the nater brake  
¶ To theyn & tolde hit every where aboute  
¶ I wolde haue be thens yf I had moute  
¶ For fere I loked as blake as a cole  
¶ I wolde haue cren in a mouse hole

¶ What quoth Doctryne where is he now  
¶ That meurd this mater straunge & dyffuse  
¶ He is a cowarde I make myn auow  
¶ He hyded his he de his mocyon to refuse  
¶ Blame hym not qd Reason alway þ to vse  
¶ When he seith Dethe soone rete at his honde  
¶ Yet is his part hym to withstande

¶ Or at the leste way elles fro hym flee  
¶ As longe as he may who dooth other wyle  
¶ Is an ydeote quoth Sensualytee  
¶ Who dredeth not Dethe wyle men hym dyspyse  
¶ What said Doctryne how long hathe this gyle  
¶ We holden & vse thus at wile you twayne  
¶ Ye were not wonne to acorde certeyne

¶ Yes quoth Reason in this poynt alway  
¶ To euery man haue we yeuen our counsayll  
¶ Dethe for to flee as long as they may  
¶ Al though no other wyle haue done our trauayl  
¶ Eche other to represse yet withoute fayll  
¶ In that poynt donly dyscordeth we never  
¶ Thus condescended therin be we for ever

¶ A ha sayd Doctryne then is the conclusyon  
¶ Cleerly determined of the gret doute  
¶ That here was meuyd & halfe in derysyon  
¶ She me then called & bade me loke oute  
¶ Come forthe she sayd & feare not this route  
¶ And euen with that Reason & Sensualypte  
¶ And Detho fro thens were vanysched all thre

¶ Then loked I forthe as Doctryne me badde  
¶ when Detho was gone me thought I was bolde  
¶ To shewe myselfe but yet was I sadde  
¶ Me thought my doute was not as I wolde  
¶ Cleerly and openly declared & tolde  
¶ Hit sowned to me as a parable  
¶ Detho as a mythe or a fayned fable

¶ And Doctryne my conceyte gan espy  
¶ wherfore sayd she standest thou soo styll  
¶ wherin is thy thought arte thou in stody  
¶ Of thy questyon hast thou not thy syll  
¶ To the declared tell me thy wyll  
¶ Herdest thou not Reason & Sensualypte  
¶ Declared thy doute herc before the

¶ for sothe quoth I. I herde what they sayde  
¶ But neverthelesse my wytte is so thynne  
¶ And also of Detho I was so afayde  
¶ That hit is out where hit went ymme  
¶ And so that mater can I not wynne  
¶ without your helpe & benyuolence

## ¶ Therof to expresse the veray sentence

¶ Well quod Doctryne then yeue attendaunce  
¶ Unto my wordes & thou shalt here  
¶ Openly declared the concordaunce  
¶ Atwene Sensualyte & Reason infere  
¶ If thou take hede hit clerely dooth aperre  
¶ How they were knette in one opynyon  
¶ Wothe agayn Dethe helde contradyccon

¶ Whiche concordaunce no more sygnifys  
¶ To playne vnderstandingy but in euery mane  
¶ Wothe Sensualyte & Reason applyeth  
¶ Gather Dethe to flee then with hit to be tane  
¶ Loo in that poyn特 accorde they holly thane  
¶ And in all other they clerely dyscorde  
¶ Thus is trewly set thy doubtfull monacorde

¶ I heryng that kneeled on my kne  
¶ And thanked her lowly for her dyscyplynie  
¶ That she wouchesafe of her benygnite  
¶ Of tho gret doubtes me to enlumyne  
¶ Well was she worthy to be called Doctryne  
¶ If it had ben more but for the solucyon  
¶ Of my demaunde & of this straunge vysyon

¶ And as I with myne hede began for to bow  
¶ As me well ought to do her reuerence  
¶ She thens departed I can not tell how  
¶ But within a moment gone was she thens

¶ Then sayd Aþorpleus let vs go hens  
¶ whatſ holde we here tarye lengere  
¶ Hast thou not herde a generall anſwere

¶ To all thy materes that thou lyſt to meue  
¶ My tyme draweth nere that I must rest  
¶ And euen therwith he toke me by the ſcuer  
¶ And ſayd goo we hens for that ſholde I beſt  
¶ As good is ynough as a grete feſt  
¶ Thou haſt ſeen ynough holde the content  
¶ And euen with þ for the with hym I went

¶ Tyll he had me brought a gene to my bedde  
¶ where he me founde and then pruyely  
¶ He stale awaþe I coude not vnderſtande  
¶ were he became but ſodeynly  
¶ As he came he went I tell you verly  
¶ whiche done fro ſlepe I gan to a wake  
¶ My body all in ſweet began for to ſhake

¶ for drede of the ſyght that I had ſene  
¶ wenyng to me all had be trew  
¶ Actuellly done where I had bene  
¶ That batyll holde twene Wyce & Werteþ  
¶ But when I ſee hit hit was but a whew  
¶ A dreme a fantasy & a thyng of nouȝt  
¶ To ſtudy theron I had nomore thought

¶ Tyll at the laſt I gan me bethynke  
¶ for what cauſe ſhewed was this byſyon

¶ I knoþ not wherfore I toke pen & ynde  
¶ And paper therof to make menypon  
¶ In wrytyng takyng consyderacion  
¶ That noo defaute were found in me  
¶ Wheron accused I ought for to be

¶ For nouthe that I had left hit vntolde  
¶ Neþther by mouthe nor in remenbraunce  
¶ Put it in wrytyng where thorough manyfolde  
¶ Wayes of accusacio myght torne me to greuaunce  
¶ All this I saue as I lay in a traunce  
¶ But wheder it was with myne ey bodely  
¶ Or not in cettayn god knoweth & not I

¶ That to dyscerne I purpose not to dele  
¶ So large by my wyll it longeth not to me  
¶ Were hit dreame or wrytyng for your owne wele  
¶ All that shall hit rede here rad or se  
¶ Take therof the best & let the worst be  
¶ Try out the come clene from the chaff  
And then may ye say ye haue a sure staff

¶ To stande by at nede of ye wyll it holde  
¶ And walke by the way of vertue  
¶ But al wey beware be ye yong or olde  
¶ That your frewyll ay to vertue more  
¶ Apply than to wryce the easyer may be boore  
¶ The burden of the felde that ye dayly fyght  
¶ Agayn your. iii. enemys for all her gret myght

¶ That is to say the Deuill & the fleshe  
¶ And also the worlde with hit his glasyng ther  
¶ whiche on you loketh euer ne the & fresshe  
¶ But he is not as he dooth aperc  
¶ Loke ye kepe you ay out of his daungere  
¶ And so the vycory shall ye obteyn  
¶ Upce fro you expled & mettue in you reyne

¶ And then shall ye haue the truphall guerdon  
¶ That god reserued to euery creature  
¶ Aboue in his celestyall manysyon  
¶ Ioye & blysse in synyte eternally to endure  
¶ wherof we say we wolde fayne be sure  
¶ But the way thyderwarde to holde be we lothe  
¶ That ofte sythe causeth þ good lord to be wrothe

¶ And by our deserfe our habytacyon chaungeth  
¶ fro Ioye to payne & wo perpetuelly  
¶ From his gloriouſ ſyght thus he vs estraungeth  
¶ for out vycouſ lyuyng thorough our owne foly  
¶ wherfore let vs praye to that lord of glory  
¶ whyle we in erthe be þ he wyll yue vs grace  
¶ So vs here to gude that we may haue a place

¶ Accordanſyng to oure Regeneracyon  
¶ which heuenly ſpreytes his name to magnyfy.  
¶ whiche downe descendeth for oure redempcyon  
¶ Offerynghyniſelſe on the crosse to his ſad on hiſ  
¶ ſonobeyngne Ihesu that boren was of Mary  
¶ that to this blyspon haue gyue her audyence

Graunte eternal Joye after thy last sentence

A. M. C. R.

Here endeth alytyll Treatysse  
named The assemble of goddes





